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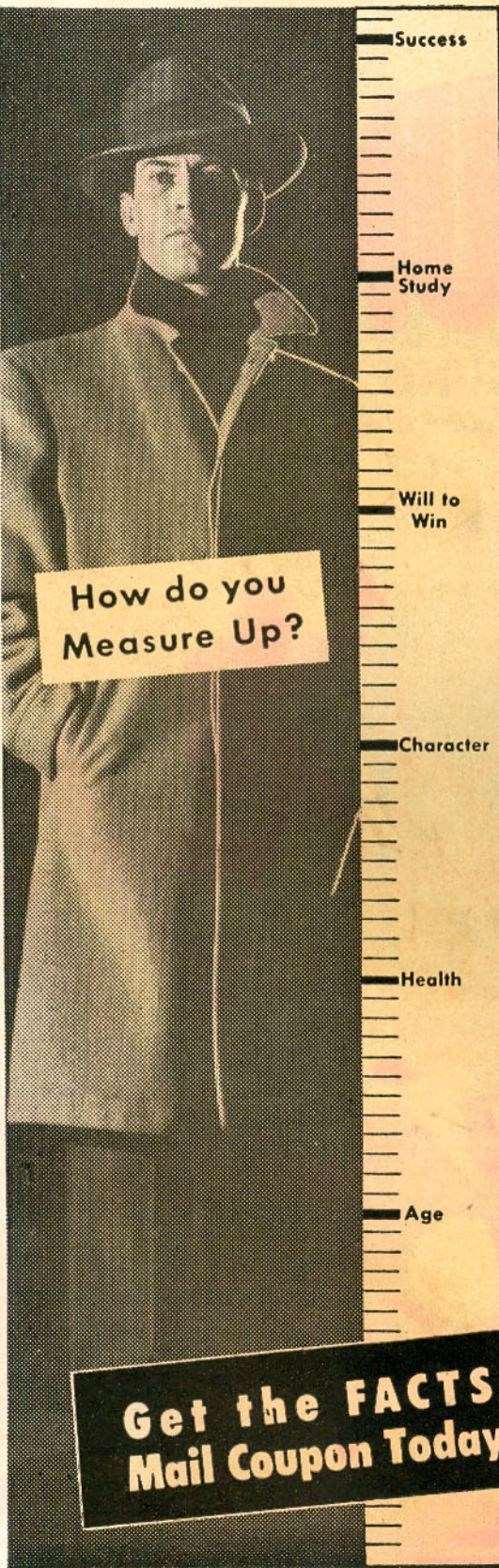
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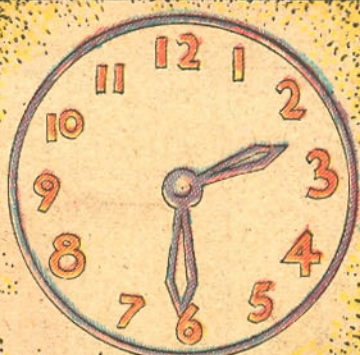
Name _____

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Three Hours to

DOOM!



THREE HOURS--A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY PANTING, HAIR-RAISING MINUTES--BEFORE A COMMUNIST BLUNDER TOUCHES OFF THE GREATEST DISASTER OF ALL TIME! IT'S A STORY YOU'LL NEVER FORGET--WITH ONE MAN SWEEPED INTO A BREATHLESS RACE AGAINST THE CLOCK--WHILE MILLIONS SLEEP UNAWARE THROUGH THREE HOURS TO DOOM!

ONE NIGHT--ON THE DESERTED CAMPUS OF ATLANTIC UNIVERSITY--

DAD'S ALWAYS KEPT BUSY ENOUGH AS HEAD OF THE NUCLEAR PHYSICS DEPARTMENT--BUT NOW THAT THE UNIVERSITY'S BUILT AN ATOMIC PILE THAT PRODUCES CHAIN REACTIONS A **THOUSAND TIMES MORE POWERFUL** THAN PREVIOUS MODELS--HE'S PRACTICALLY LIVING IN HIS LABORATORY!



THERE'S THE ONE MAN WHO SEES AS MUCH OF THIS PLACE AS DAD! MCINTYRE'S ON GUARD DUTY TWELVE HOURS A DAY!





HIYA, MAC--
YOUR ARCHES
HOLDING OUT?



MAC! HOLY SMOKE
--HE'S GOT A BUL-
LET HOLE IN THE
BACK OF HIS
NECK!

CRASH!

**SOMEONE'S
BARGING
AROUND IN-
SIDE THE
LAB--AND
IT ISN'T
DAD!**

SINCE WE COULDN'T
FORCE PROFESSOR
HARVEY TO PRODUCE
THE PLANS THAT WOULD
ENABLE SLAVONIAN
SCIENTISTS TO DUPLICATE
HIS NEW ATOMIC PILE,
WE'LL DO THE NEXT BEST
THING--AND TAKE THE
**ONE MOVABLE PART IN
THE ENTIRE MECHANISM!**

THIS **MASTER UNIT** SHOULD BE ENOUGH! IT WILL
SHOW OUR EXPERTS HOW TO CONSTRUCT AN ATOMIC
PILE SO POWERFUL THAT **OTHER UNITS** WILL BE UN-
NECESSARY--MEANING THAT OUR **ENTIRE ATOMIC
PRODUCTION** CAN BE HIDDEN UNDERGROUND IN A
SINGLE SPOT--**SAFE
FROM SABOTAGE
AND ENEMY BOMBS!**



A **T** **T** **H** **A** **T** **M** **O** **M** **E** **N** **T** **--**

**GREAT
GUNS--
DAD!**

HARVEY'S SON, EH?
YOU PICKED A BAD
TIME FOR A FAMILY
VISIT!



BANG!



CRASH!



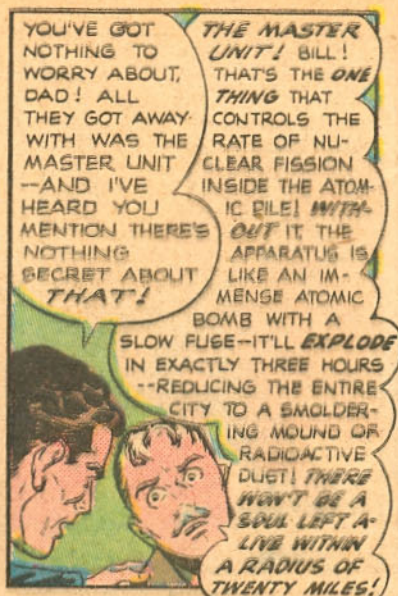


I MIGHT BE ABLE TO STOP THEM--BUT I CAN'T LEAVE DAD LYING THERE--HE'S SERIOUSLY INJURED!



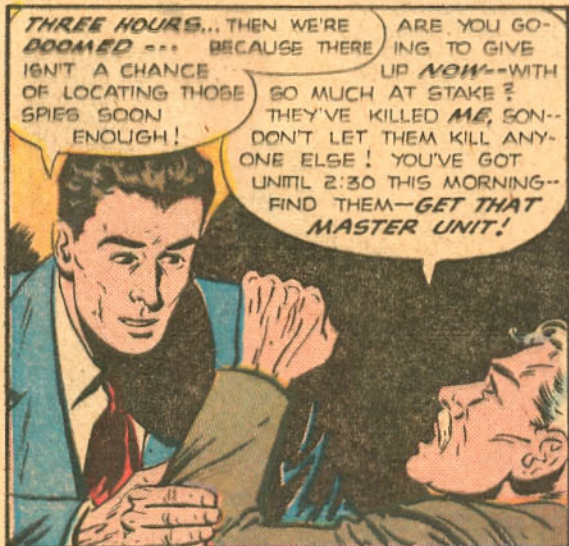
THOSE VERMIN BEAT HIM WITH PISTOL BUTTS TO MAKE HIM TALK! HE'S **FINISHED**-- HE WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO CALL IN A DOCTOR!

BILL...DID THEY--FIND THE PLANS?



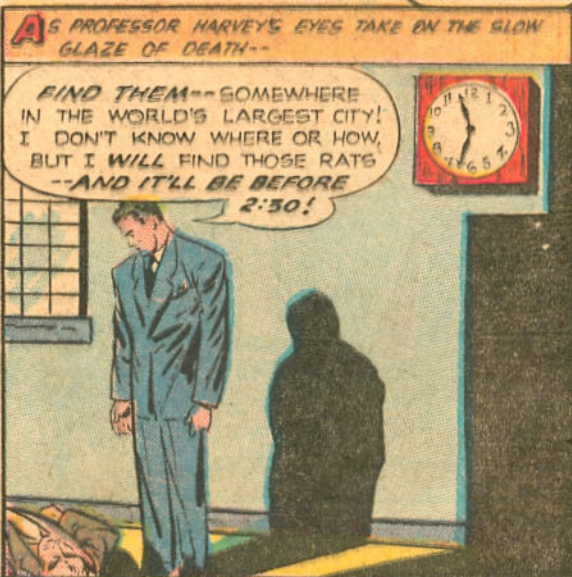
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, DAD! ALL THEY GOT AWAY WITH WAS THE MASTER UNIT --AND I'VE HEARD YOU MENTION THERE'S NOTHING SECRET ABOUT **THAT!**

THE MASTER UNIT! BILL! THAT'S THE **ONE THING** THAT CONTROLS THE RATE OF NUCLEAR FISSION INSIDE THE ATOMIC PILE! **WITH** OUT IT THE APPARATUS IS LIKE AN IMMENSE ATOMIC BOMB WITH A SLOW FUSE--IT'LL **EXPLODE** IN EXACTLY THREE HOURS --REDUCING THE ENTIRE CITY TO A SMOLDERING MOUND OF RADIOACTIVE DUST! **THERE** **WON'T** BE A SOUL LEFT ALIVE WITHIN A RADIUS OF TWENTY MILES!



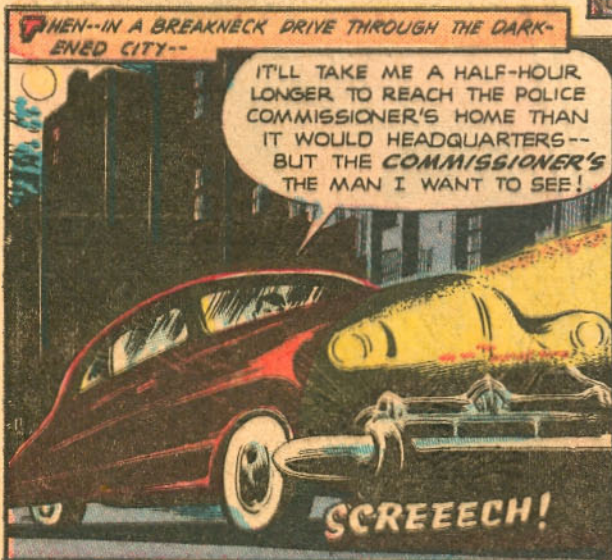
THREE HOURS... THEN WE'RE DOOMED --- BECAUSE THERE ISN'T A CHANCE OF LOCATING THOSE SPIES SOON ENOUGH!

ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE UP **NOW**--WITH SO MUCH AT STAKE? THEY'VE KILLED ME, SON--DON'T LET THEM KILL ANYONE ELSE! YOU'VE GOT UNTIL 2:30 THIS MORNING--FIND THEM--**GET THAT MASTER UNIT!**



AS PROFESSOR HARVEY'S EYES TAKE ON THE GLOW GLAZE OF DEATH--

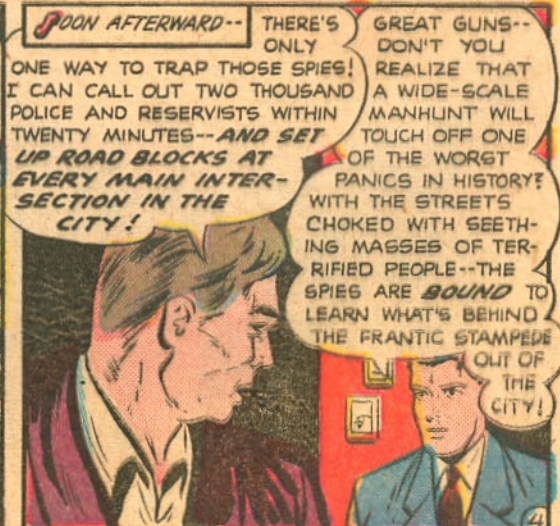
FIND THEM-- SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST CITY! I DON'T KNOW WHERE OR HOW, BUT I **WILL** FIND THOSE RATS --**AND IT'LL BE BEFORE 2:30!**



WHEN--IN A BREAKNECK DRIVE THROUGH THE DARKENED CITY--

IT'LL TAKE ME A HALF-HOUR LONGER TO REACH THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S HOME THAN IT WOULD HEADQUARTERS-- BUT THE **COMMISSIONER'S** THE MAN I WANT TO SEE!

SCREEECH!



SOON AFTERWARD-- THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TRAP THOSE SPIES! I CAN CALL OUT TWO THOUSAND POLICE AND RESERVISTS WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES--**AND SET UP ROAD BLOCKS AT EVERY MAIN INTERSECTION IN THE CITY!**

GREAT GUNS--DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT A WIDE-SCALE MANHUNT WILL TOUCH OFF ONE OF THE WORST PANICS IN HISTORY? WITH THE STREETS CHOKED WITH SEETHING MASSES OF TERRIFIED PEOPLE--THE SPIES ARE **BOUND** TO LEARN WHAT'S BEHIND THE FRANTIC STAMPEDE OUT OF THE CITY!

THE SPIES WILL REALIZE THAT IF THEY CAN HIDE AMONG THE MILLIONS OF REFUGEES CLOGGING THE HIGHWAYS, AND AVOID CAPTURE FOR JUST A FEW HOURS--**THEIR TRAIL WILL BE COVERED BY THE GREATEST CATASTROPHE OF ALL TIME!** NO--WE'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE! SIX MILLION PEOPLE MAY BE BLASTED TO PERDITION WHILE THEY SLEEP--BUT AS LONG AS **THEY** DON'T SUSPECT IT--**NEITHER WILL THE SPIES!**

IT'S A HIDEOUS SECRET FOR JUST TWO MEN TO SHARE, BUT I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR ADVICE--AND IF WE'RE **WRONG**--NO ONE WILL BE ALIVE TO KNOW ABOUT IT, ANYWAY! IT'S A STAB IN THE DARK--BUT LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANY TRACE OF THE SPIES ON THE TELETYPE!



AS THE PRECIOUS MINUTES TICK AWAY--

THERE'S NOTHING BUT THE USUAL POLICE REPORTS ON ROBBERIES AND HOMICIDES--THINGS THAT SEEMED **IMPORTANT** UNTIL YOU GOT HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE--HERE'S SOMETHING **ELSE!** COAST GUARD UNITS HAVE A **SLAVONIAN SUBMARINE** UNDER LONG-RANGE OBSERVATION! IT'S BEEN ANCHORED SINCE SUNSET--**TWELVE MILES OUTSIDE THE HARBOR!**



THEY **COULD** BE WAITING TO SUBMERGE AND SNEAK INSHORE TO PICK UP THE SPIES--BUT HOW WILL WE KNOW **WHEN?**

AND HOW WILL THE **SUBMARINE** KNOW? TO SIGNAL THEM AT **THAT** DISTANCE, THE SPIES WILL HAVE TO CLIMB TO THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE CITY--**THE NEW SKYSCRAPER GOING UP ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE EMPIRE CITY BUILDING!**

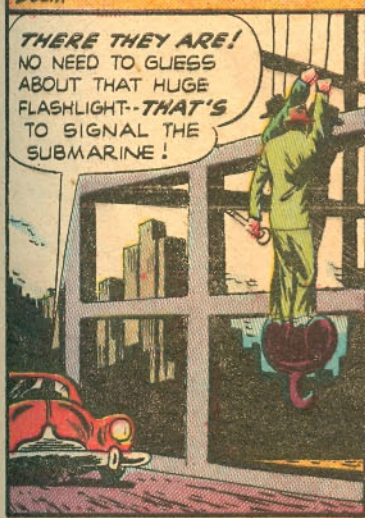


I'D BETTER HOPE I'M RIGHT! IT'S NEARLY ONE A.M.--**I'M JUST ABOUT HALFWAY TO THE DEAD-LINE!**



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER--A QUARTER OF AN HOUR CLOSER TO DOOM--

THERE THEY ARE! NO NEED TO GUESS ABOUT THAT HUGE FLASHLIGHT--**THAT'S** TO SIGNAL THE SUBMARINE!



THERE'S NO WAY TO BRING THEM **DOWN**--BECAUSE THE POWER'S REGULATED BY A SWITCH THAT'LL LOCK UNTIL THEY REACH THE TOP! **THEN** THEY CAN FASTEN THE HOOK TO A GIRDER--TO PREVENT **ME** FROM GETTING UP THERE!

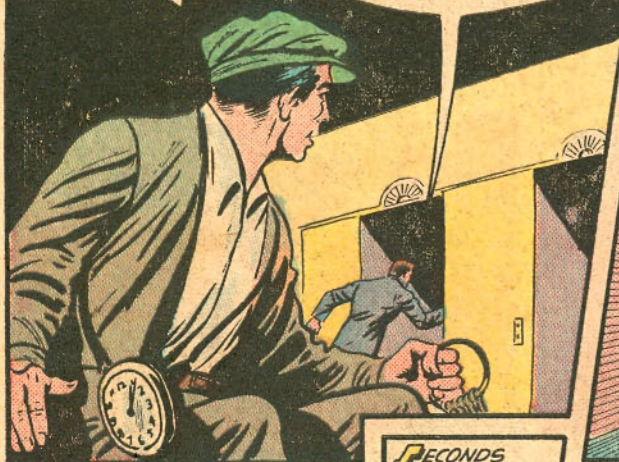


THEY'LL BE READY TO SIGNAL WITHIN A COUPLE OF MINUTES--AND THE **MAIN** THING IS TO PREVENT THAT SUBMARINE FROM SNEAKING UP THE BAY AND PROVIDING THEM WITH A MEANS OF ESCAPE!



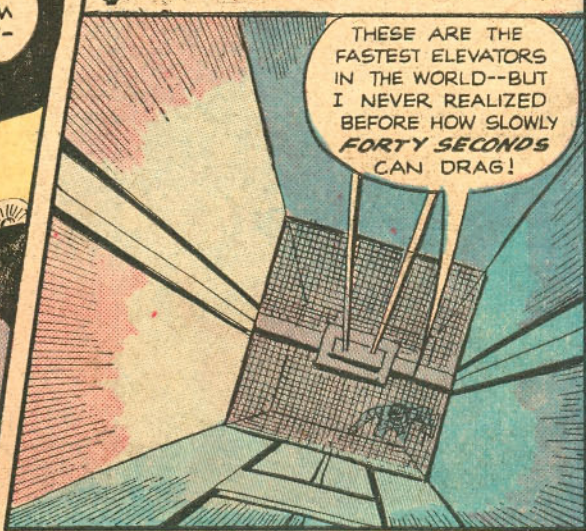
HEY--WAIT! YOU WANT TO GET INTO TROUBLE?

TROUBLE ISN'T THE WORD FOR IT, BUD--I'M WIDE OPEN FOR *DIS-ASTER!*



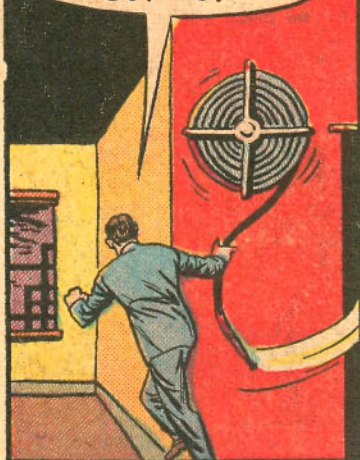
THEN--WHIZZING TOWARD THE TOP FLOOR--

THESE ARE THE FASTEST ELEVATORS IN THE WORLD--BUT I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE HOW SLOWLY *FORTY SECONDS* CAN DRAG!



SECONDS LATER--

I CAN'T TAKE TIME TO FIGURE OUT WHETHER THIS HOSE WILL REACH--IT'S GOT TO!



NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY! THIS FLASHLIGHT BEAM SHOULD REACH THE OUTER BAY *EASILY!*

YE GODS--IS IT POSSIBLE? *LOOK!*

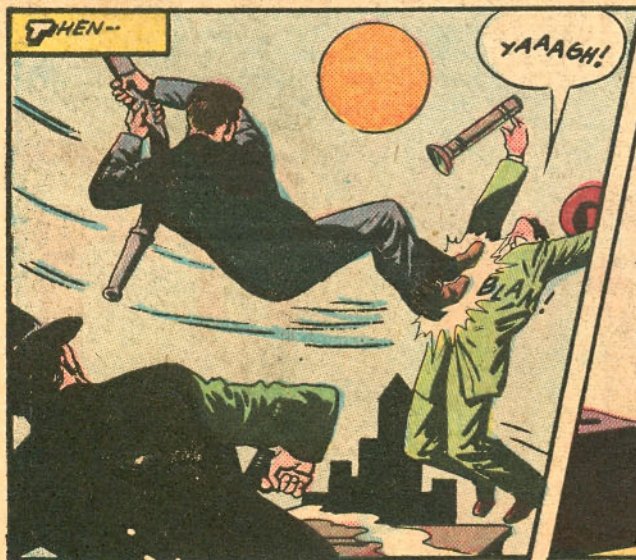


NINE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE STREET--



THEN--

YAAAGH!

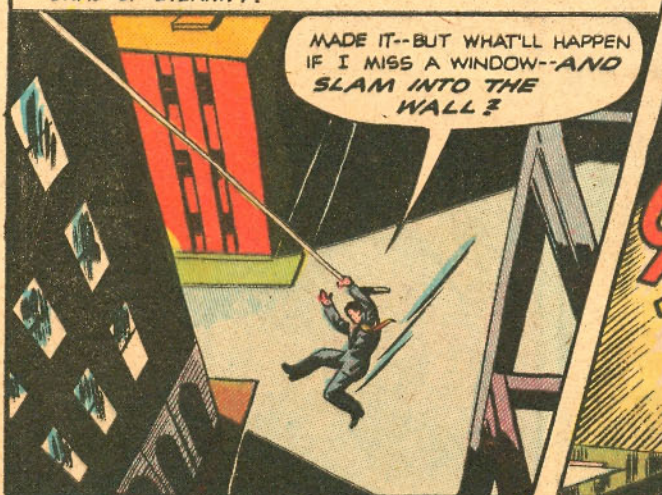


THAT LEAVES *TWO* OF THEM--BUT SUPPOSE THE RAT WHO FELL IS THE ONE WITH THE MASTER UNIT?



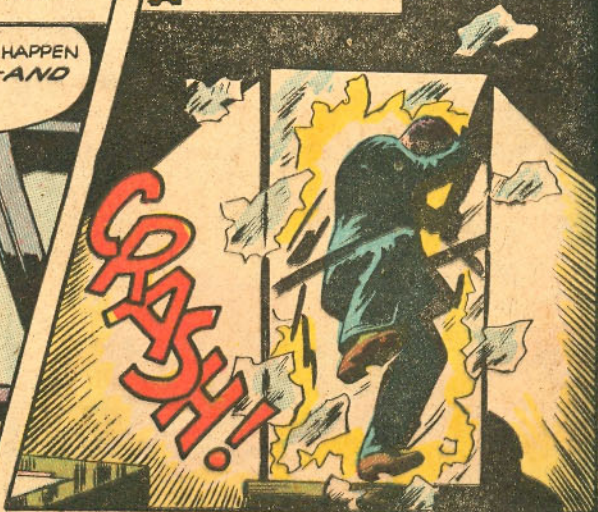


JUST A SECOND--BUT TO BILL HARVEY IT HELD THE AGONIZING DRAG OF ETERNITY!



MADE IT--BUT WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I MISS A WINDOW--AND SLAM INTO THE WALL?

AN INSTANT LATER--



ONE THIRTY-FIVE! THAT GIVES ME LESS THAN AN HOUR TO FIND THE SPIES AGAIN--AND GET THE MASTER UNIT BACK TO THE UNIVERSITY! SINCE THOSE RATS FAILED TO SIGNAL THE SUBMARINE TO SLIP IN AND PICK THEM UP--WHAT'LL BE THEIR NEXT STEP? THEY'LL GRAB A LAUNCH AND SAIL OUT TO MEET IT--AND THAT MEANS THEY'LL BE PASSING UNDER THE MID-HARBOR BRIDGE!



JOON AFTERWARD--

FOR ALL I KNOW,

THE SPIES MIGHT DECIDE TO LAY LOW AND CONTACT THE SUBMARINE TOMORROW NIGHT--BUT IT CAN'T WORK OUT THAT WAY! THERE'D BE NOTHING LEFT BY THEN--NO HARBOR--NO SUBMARINE--AND NO SPIES!



WITH THE RIVER GLISTENING IN THE MOONLIGHT--

NOTHING...THERE ISN'T SO MUCH AS A ROWBOAT IN SIGHT!



THEN--AS A DISTANT TOWER CHIMES SLOWLY--

WHAT'LL I DO...WAIT? GOOD LORD, THERE'S NO CHOICE--IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ELSE!

BONG!
BONG!



THEN, BARELY HEARD AT FIRST--BUT DRAWING CLOSER WITH EACH SPEEDING SECOND--

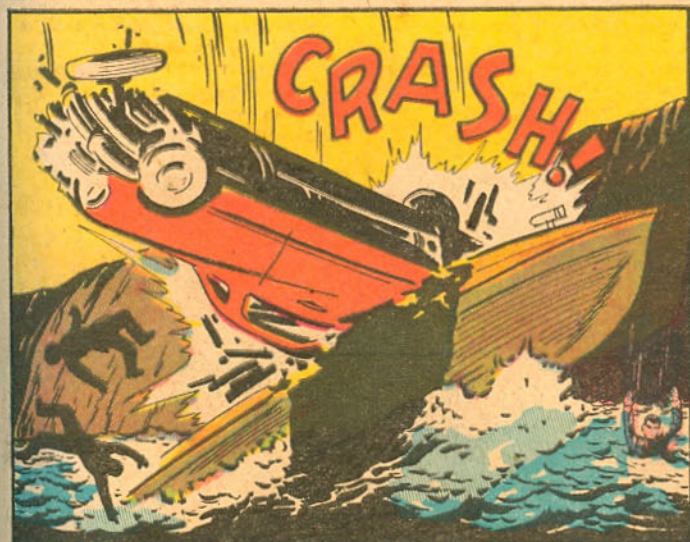
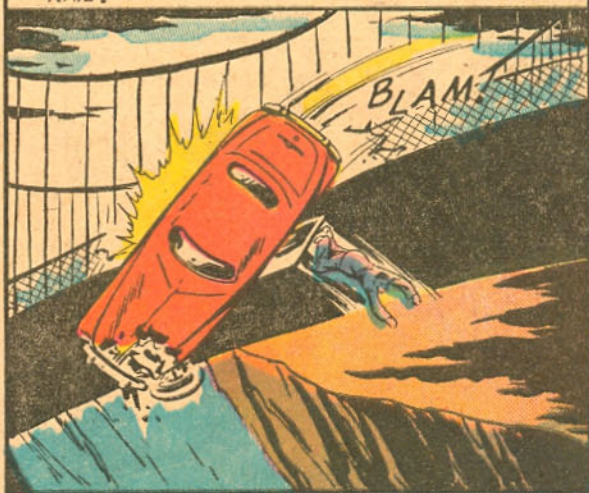
IT'S A LAUNCH--AND I CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE OUT WHO'S IN IT! THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE--THEY'RE NOT GETTING AWAY AGAIN!



IT WON'T BE ENOUGH FOR *ME* TO LEAP FROM THE BRIDGE! EVEN IF I LIVED THROUGH *THAT*--THE BOAT WOULD BE SURE TO PASS ME!



UNHESITATINGLY--BILL STEERS TOWARD THE GUARD RAIL!



NOW COMES THE *HARD* PART! I CAN'T GRAB *BOTH* OF THEM--SO THAT GIVES ME A FIFTY-FIFTY CHANCE OF PICKING THE SPY WITH THE MASTER UNIT!



IN A SAVAGE ONSET--



MOMENTS LATER--

WELL-- I'VE

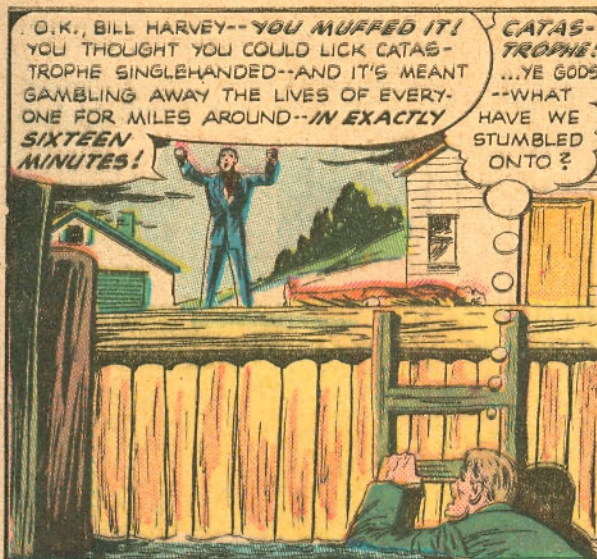
MADE MY CHOICE! AND WITH MILLIONS OF LIVES DEPENDING ON IT--HE'S *GOT* TO HAVE THE MASTER UNIT! SO FAR, MY HUNCHES HAVE CLICKED--I *COULDN'T* HAVE GUESSED *WRONG THIS TIME!*



ONE BY ONE, BILL GROPEs THROGH HIS CAPTIVE'S POCKETS-- FOR A JOLTING DISCOVERY!

NO MASTER UNIT! I MANAGED TO TRACE IT-- I WAS WITHIN A FEW FEET OF IT--AND I GRABBED THE WRONG MAN!





O.K., BILL HARVEY--**YOU MUFFED IT!** YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD LICK CATAS-TROPHE SINGLEHANDED--AND IT'S MEANT GAMBLING AWAY THE LIVES OF EVERYONE FOUR MILES AROUND--**IN EXACTLY SIXTEEN MINUTES!**

CATAS-TROPHE! ...YE GODS --WHAT HAVE WE STUMBLED ONTO?



A MOMENT LATER-- YOU! TAKE YOUR PICK--**FAST!** DO I GET THE MASTER UNIT--**OR ARE YOU READY TO DIE WITH THE REST OF US?**

NEITHER! YES, I'LL REPLACE THE MASTER UNIT LONG ENOUGH TO PREVENT DISASTER--**AND THEN I'LL REMOVE IT AGAIN!** THAT WILL MEAN **ANOTHER THREE HOURS OF WAITING--DURING WHICH WASHINGTON CAN CHOOSE BETWEEN DISASTER--**

OR A COMMUNIST GOVERNMENT!



CLIMB OFF YOUR DREAMBOAT, BUD!

BANG!

WAK!



POW!



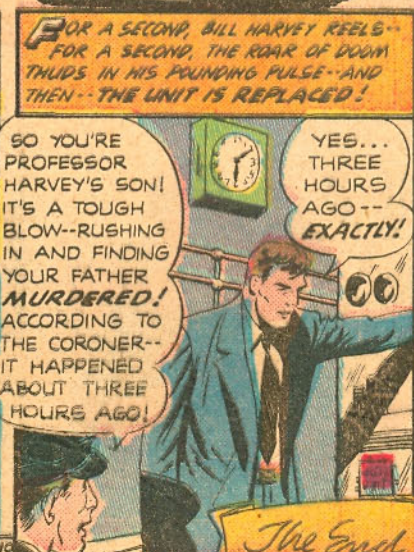
LOOK, CHUM-- I DROVE OVER HERE BECAUSE I THOUGHT THIS WAS A HOLDUP --BUT I DON'T WANT ANY BRAWLING IN MY TAXI. SEE?

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE--DON'T WASTE TIME **TALKING!** FORGET TRAFFIC LIGHTS--PEDESTRIANS--**ANYTHING-- BUT GET US TO ATLANTIC UNIVERSITY!**



WITH THE FINAL MINUTES TICKING FAST--LOUDER AND LOUDER, LIKE STROKES OF FATE--

HEY **OUT OF THE WAY-- OUT OF THE WAY--** --WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?



FOR A SECOND, BILL HARVEY REELS-- FOR A SECOND, THE ROAR OF DOOM THUDS IN HIS POUNDING PULSE--AND THEN--THE UNIT IS REPLACED!

SO YOU'RE PROFESSOR HARVEY'S SON! IT'S A TOUGH BLOW--RUSHING IN AND FINDING YOUR FATHER **MURDERED!** ACCORDING TO THE CORONER--IT HAPPENED ABOUT THREE HOURS AGO!

YES... THREE HOURS AGO--**EXACTLY!**

The End.

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COFFIN CORNER

THE HINDU LONGSHOREMEN were just about to start loading the first of the caskets onto the ship when the police car, siren wailing, pulled up to the Bombay dock. Stevens was the first to leap out of the car, followed by the Hindu policemen.

"What are they loading on the ship?" Stevens asked the Hindu lieutenant. "Surely not coffins?"

"Yes," the lieutenant said. "Teakwood caskets. They're much in demand in the United States. Your countrymen apparently like only the best in everything."

Stevens examined the document which the boss of the longshoremen handed him. "Hmm, the bill of lading calls for 215 caskets. Well, we'll inspect each one before they load it aboard ship, to make sure that Rhogom isn't hiding in any of them. Then we'll search the ship itself from stem to stern."

With the aid of the Hindu officers, Stevens carefully opened each of the 215 caskets, and then just as carefully padlocked it to prevent Rhogom from slipping into any, in case he was already hiding on the ship. But when all the caskets had been examined and loaded aboard the ship, Rhogom had not been found.

Boarding the ship with the lieutenant, Stevens said, "I thought Rhogom would try to smuggle himself aboard in one of the caskets. It would have been a typically smart trick for an ace international espionage agent like him. I really can't believe that he'd be dumb enough to try to hide in the ship itself, where he can be easily found."

"Then perhaps your information was incorrect," the lieutenant said. "Perhaps Rhogom won't attempt to get into America aboard this ship."

"Could be," Stevens admitted ruefully. "And if that's true, then we of the U. S. Counter-Espionage Service have put you to

a lot of unnecessary trouble. But you know how important it is for all the free nations of the world to apprehend an arch-criminal and spy like Rhogom, so I'd appreciate your cooperating just a bit further with me. I'd like you and your men to execute a thorough search of the ship. I'll stay on deck in case Rhogom makes a belated appearance."

While the Hindu policemen were below decks, Stevens looked idly at the neatly stacked caskets on the upper deck. They had been placed in a perfect cube---six caskets wide, six long and six deep. Something was wrong with that picture, Stevens felt---and that started him pondering.

By the time the Hindu officers appeared from below, he had the solution. "I know," he grinned at the lieutenant. "You didn't find him down there---because he's in a hollow space at the bottom of that cube of caskets. He must have been aboard before we arrived, and then he hid in that space formed by the first caskets while we were examining the rest of them on the dock. Order your men to start taking down those coffins---and to keep their guns ready."

Ten minutes later, as the Hindu policemen reached the bottom layer of caskets, the snarling visage of Rhogom suddenly popped up, guns barking in his hands. But it took only one shot from Stevens' .45 to silence the arch-criminal and spy forever.

The lieutenant looked down in bewilderment, saying, "You were right---there is one empty space in the bottom, where he hid. But how did you know?"

"Because 215 caskets couldn't make a perfect cube," Stevens said. "It would take six times six times six---or 216! There had to be one hollow space to make the perfect cube---and that space was Rhogom's coffin corner!"

YOU **DON'T** HAVE TO BE AN OFFICIAL COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT TO FOIL A RUTHLESS, INSIDIOUS BAND OF SPIES -- **BOB DUNNING** WASN'T! BUT YOU **DO** HAVE TO BE WILLING TO SACRIFICE YOUR ALL IN THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM! YOU NEED A HATRED FOR TYRANNY -- A RAW COURAGE -- AN ABILITY TO THINK FAST AND ACT FASTER! **BOB DUNNING** HAD ALL THESE QUALITIES -- AND **MORE!** HE **HAD** TO HAVE THEM -- TO SURVIVE THE ...

PANIC at POINT MUGU!

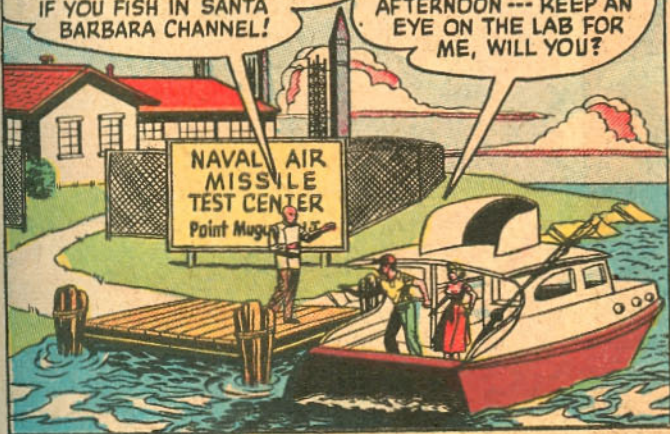


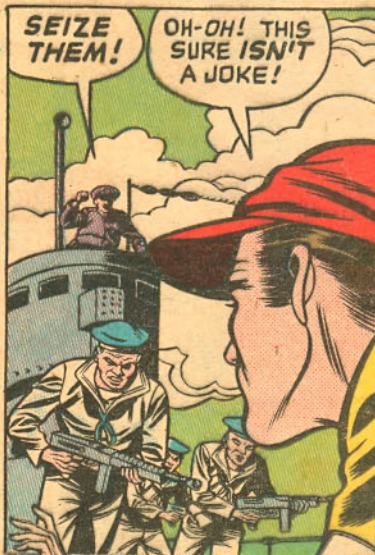
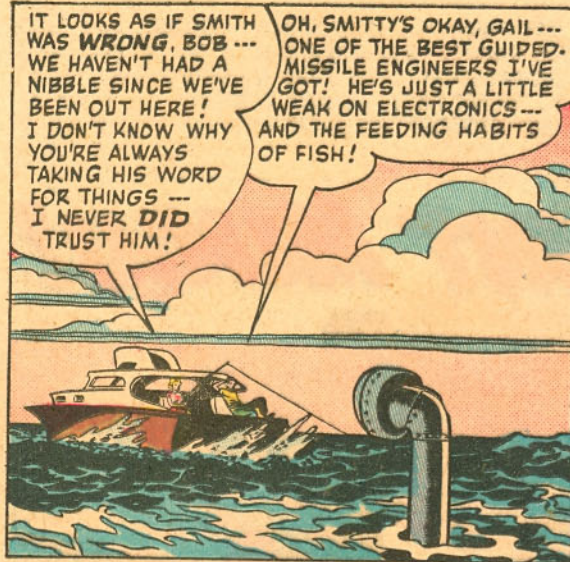
WELL, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE TAKING MY ADVICE, BOB --- IT'LL DO YOU GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM ROCKETS AND MISSILES FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS! YOU OUGHT TO CATCH **PLENTY**, IF YOU FISH IN SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL!

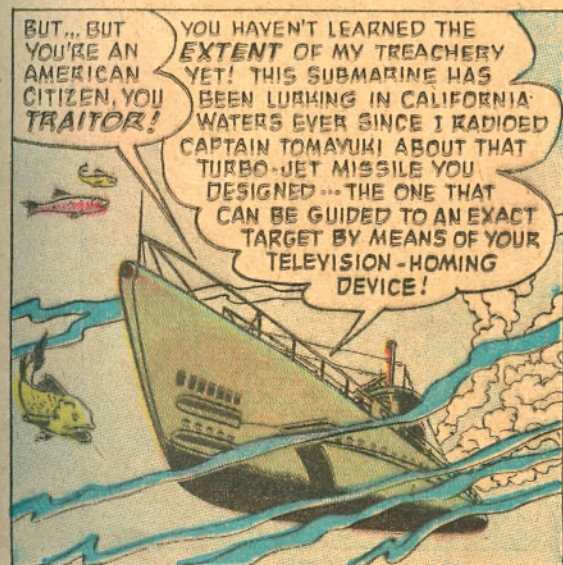
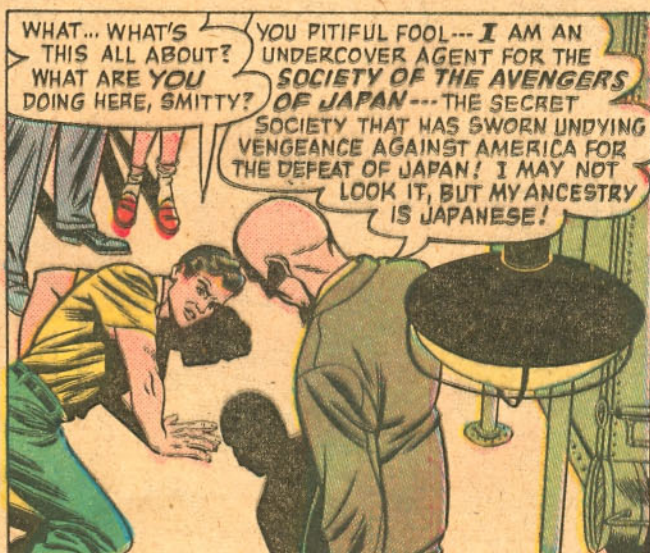
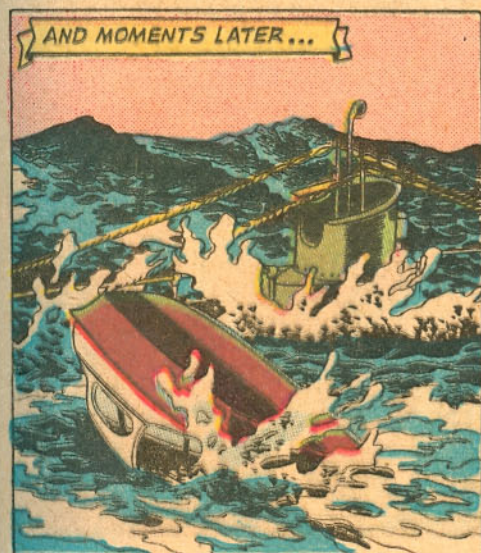
THANKS, SMITH! WE'LL BE BACK BY THE TIME THE TEST DATA ON **ROCKET FLIGHT 97Z** COMES IN LATE THIS AFTERNOON --- KEEP AN EYE ON THE LAB FOR ME, WILL YOU?

BUT TWENTY MINUTES LATER, "SMITH" CROUCHES IN A SECLUDED NOOK ON THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC...

CALLING **RISING SUN!**... CALLING **RISING SUN!** ROBERT DUNNING AND HIS SECRETARY ARE IN SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL, HEADING FOR SANTA CRUZ ISLAND! PICK ME UP AT USUAL RENDEZVOUS BEFORE YOU INTERCEPT THEM! THIS IS **YOSHIJIRO**, SIGNING OFF!

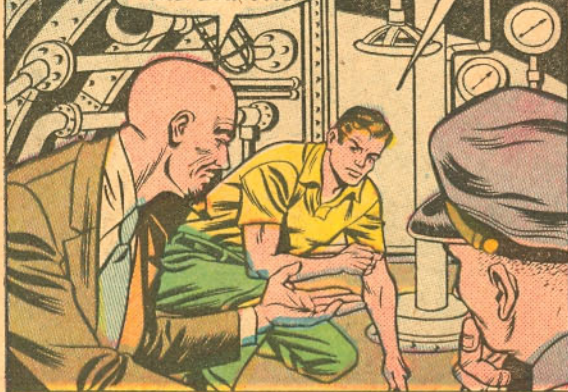






YOU WERE SEIZED TO REVEAL THE FEW ESSENTIAL DETAILS OF YOUR INVENTION THAT ARE STILL SECRET FROM ME! AND WHEN I GET THEM—I'LL BLAST POINT MUGU OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

I'LL NEVER GIVE YOU THAT INFORMATION!



AH, BUT WE HAVE WAYS OF MAKING YOU TALK! THE TRUTH DRUG, SODIUM AMYTAL-- THE SPEECH INDUCER, HARMALINE-- THEY'LL MAKE YOU TELL US ALL WE NEED TO KNOW!

BRING THE HYPODERMICS!



YOU DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO BE THAT EASY, DO YOU?

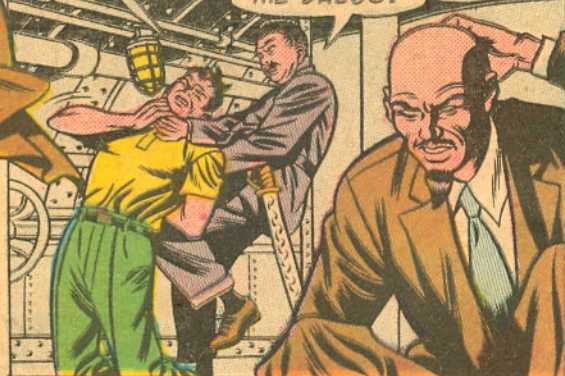
YES--FOR JAPAN'S GREATEST JIU-JITSU EXPERT!



WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING RATTLESNAKE...

MY THROAT-- CAN'T BREATHE... CHOKING...

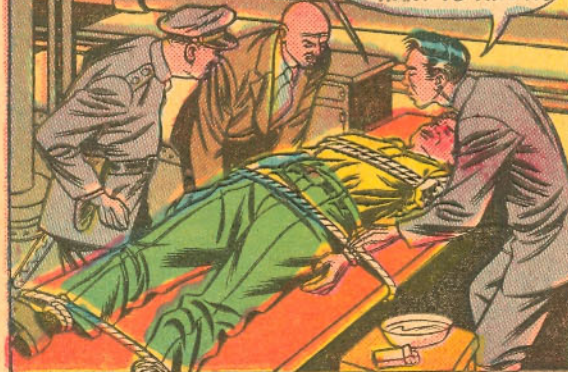
YOU'RE PARALYZED AS LONG AS I KEEP PRESSING THIS NERVE CENTER! YOSHIJIRO-- HURRY WITH THE DRUGS!



AS THE INSIDIOUS DRUGS TAKE EFFECT--

GAIL... ROTTEN SMITTY'S FAULT... CUBE ROOT OF MASS TIMES VELOCITY EQUALS...

HE'S BEGINNING TO BABBLE AND TALK FEVERISHLY -- IN A SECOND, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW!



NOW THEN... ANSWER ME!

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF YOUR ELECTRONIC DETONATOR CIRCUIT?

SECRET OF... DETONATOR CIRCUIT-- CONNECT MAGNETRON TUBE TO OSCILLOSCOPE... RELAY SIGNAL TO CRYSTAL AT DELAY LINE... GET PIEZOELECTRIC EFFECT...



AFTER AMERICA'S MOST VITAL SECRETS
HAVE TUMBLING FROM BOB DUNNING'S LIPS...

I'VE GOT ENOUGH INFORMATION
TO FINISH THE CIRCUITS ON OUR
GUIDED MISSILES --- I'LL HAVE
THEM READY FOR ACTION IN
JUST A FEW HOURS!



BUT AFTER I'VE FINISHED
SETTING THE MISSILES
FOR POINT MUGU, I'LL WANT
TO QUESTION HIM ON **OTHER**
SECRETS THAT MIGHT BE OF
USE TO THE **NEW JAPAN!**

VERY WELL ---WE WILL
SURFACE IN THE
SECLUDED COVE
OFF SANTA ROSA
ISLAND! THE FRESH
AIR WILL SOON
REVIVE HIM FOR
FURTHER
QUESTIONING!



AN HOUR LATER, AS THE CUNNINGLY CAMOUFLAGED
SUB LIES OFF SANTA ROSA ISLAND...

MY...MY HEAD'S
BEGINNING TO
CLEAR! TELL
ME, GAIL--DID
I TALK?

YES, BOB ---YOU TOLD **EVERY**
THING! YOU COULDN'T HELP
YOURSELF! YOU STARTED
BABBLING FEVERISHLY A FEW
MINUTES AFTER THAT DOCTOR
GAVE YOU THE INJECTION--
AND THEN YOU **HAD**
TO GIVE TRUTHFUL
ANSWERS!



HMM, SO
I STARTED
BABBLING
WILDLY
AFTER A FEW
MINUTES, EH?
WELL, THE
NEXT TIME
THEY DRUG
ME, I'LL
KNOW
WHAT TO
DO!

AND SO
YOU HAVE
REVIVED!



WITH THE INFORMATION YOU
GAVE US, OUR TWO MISSILES
CAN UTTERLY DESTROY THE
POINT MUGU NAVAL CENTER ---
BUT WE WILL NOT BLAST IT UNTIL
TOMORROW! TONIGHT,
OUR SPIES WILL ENLIST
THE SUPPORT OF JAPANESE
AMONG THE LOCAL
POPULATION --- AND
THEY WILL **SEIZE**
POINT MUGU IN
A SURPRISE
ATTACK!



BEFORE REINFORCEMENTS CAN
ARRIVE TO DRIVE US OUT, WE
WILL SEIZE THE ROCKETS STORED
THERE ---AND PLACE WITHIN THEM
AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE
ATOMIC BOMB PLANT AT HANFORD,
WASHINGTON! WE'LL SET THEM
OFF -- AND AFTER THE DESTRUCTION
OF HANFORD AND POINT
MUGU, WE CAN BARGAIN WITH
ALL OF AMERICA'S ENEMIES!
WE'LL PROMISE THEM THE
SECRET OF THE TELEVISION-
GUIDED ROCKET IN RETURN
FOR A LARGE SHARE OF THE
WORLD -- **AFTER AMERICA
IS BLOWN TO BITS!**





YOU CAN'T MAKE ME BELIEVE **THAT** KIND OF BALONEY! THOSE SPIES YOU TALK ABOUT-- WHERE'VE THEY BEEN HIDING?

AT A SECRET BASE --- AND WE JAPANESE ARE **MASTERS** AT THE ART OF CAMOUFLAGE! HERE'S AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BASE THAT WILL MAKE YOU **SEE** WHY IT HAS NOT BEEN DISCOVERED!



THERE --- THAT CIRCLE MARKS THE LOCATION OF OUR LANDING STRIP AND HANGAR, OUR AMMUNITION, OUR SPIES' QUARTERS --- BUT THEY ARE **PERFECTLY** CAMOUFLAGED TO LOOK LIKE ROCKS AND WOODS!



JUST THEN...

HONORABLE CAPTAIN --- **LOOK! A PLANE!**

FOOL --- DO NOT GET PANICKY! THE SUBMARINE MERELY LOOKS LIKE AN OFF-SHORE ISLAND FROM THE AIR!



QUICK, GAIL --- THIS IS OUR CHANCE! YOU'VE GOT TO GET CLOSE TO HIM AND PICK THAT AERIAL PHOTO OUT OF HIS POCKET! **NOW**, WHILE HE'S OFF GUARD!



THAT'S A NAVY **SEARCH** PLANE --- THEY'VE **SEEN** US --- THEY'LL **BOMB** THE SUB! YOU'VE GOT TO **SUBMERGE** --- YOU'VE GOT TO --- BEFORE THEY ATTACK! I DON'T WANT TO DIE --- **I DON'T WANT TO DIE!**



GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU CRAZY HYSTERIC! THEY WON'T BOMB US --- THEY CAN'T SEE THROUGH OUR CAMOUFLAGE!

OHHH!



IT WILL SOON BE TOO DARK FOR ANY MORE PLANES TO COME SEARCHING! AH, AND NOW THAT NIGHT FALLS, I CAN ALMOST **SEE** WHAT IS HAPPENING! OUR SPIES MUST NOW BE EMERGING FROM THEIR HIDEOUT, ARMING THE JAPANESE WHO ARE ON OUR SIDE --- AND SOON WE'LL STRIKE A TELLING BLOW FOR A **NEW JAPAN!**

BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT IS **REALLY** HAPPENING IN THE HEART OF THE SANTA YNEZ MOUNTAIN RANGE, NOT FAR FROM POINT MUGU...



BUT IN HOUSE AFTER HOUSE...

YES---GIVE ME A GUN! I AM LOYAL--- BUT TO **AMERICA!** THIS IS THE LAND THAT GAVE ME DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM FROM TYRANNY! WE ARE **AMERICAN CITIZENS** HERE!



BAH! --- YOU HAVE TURNED **TRAITORS** TO JAPAN! QUICK --- BACK TO OUR MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT --- WE CANNOT HOPE TO SEIZE POINT MUGU WITHOUT THE SUPPORT OF THE LOCAL JAPANESE! WE WILL HAVE TO RADIO THE SUBMARINE AND AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS FROM CAPTAIN TOMAYUKI -- **HE** WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT!



WHILE ON BOARD THE SUBMARINE...

THE AMERICAN HAS FULLY RECOVERED FROM THE FIRST DOSAGE OF THE DRUG--- I CAN INJECT HIM AGAIN NOW!

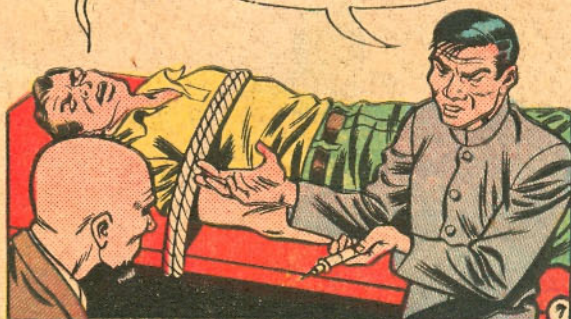
GOOD --- WE CAN EXTRACT MORE SECRETS FROM HIM WHILE WAITING FOR THE RADIO REPORT OF SUCCESS FROM OUR SPIES ON THE COAST!

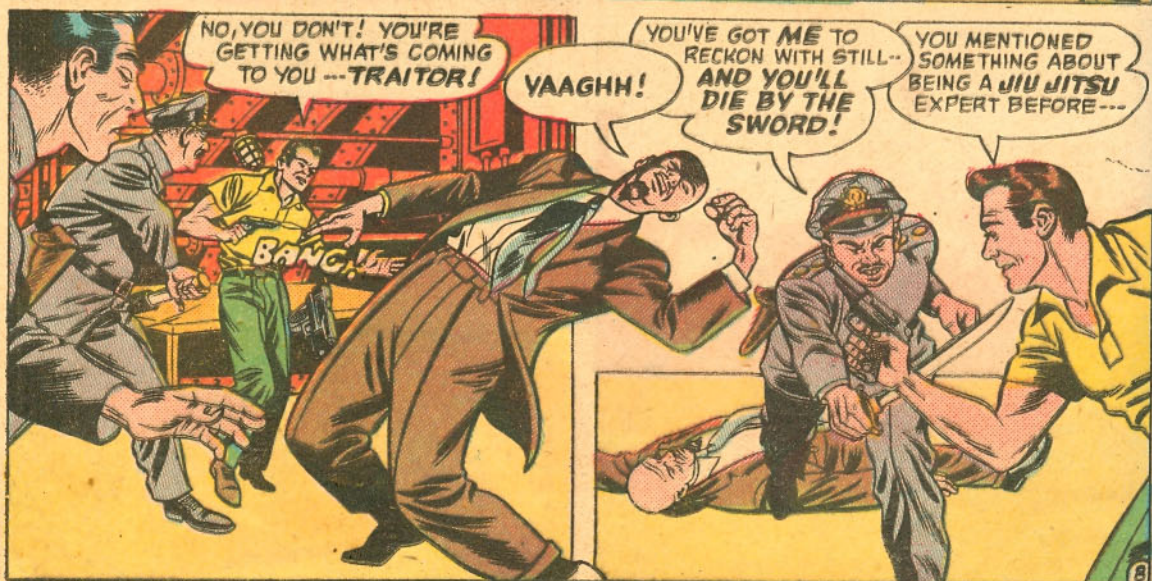
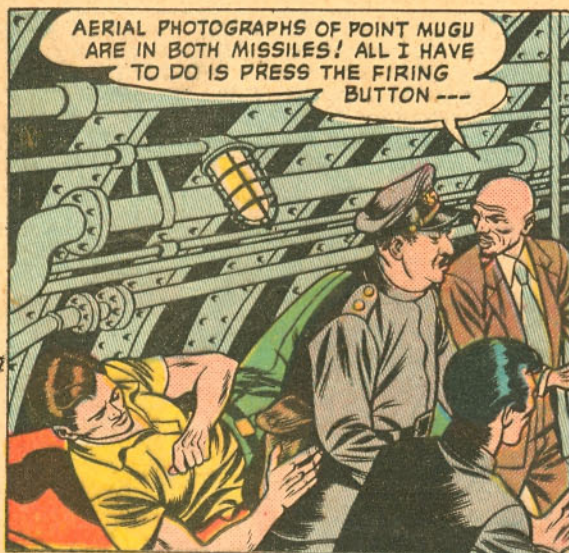


BELOW, MOMENTS AFTER THE DOCTOR INSERTS THE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE INTO BOB'S ARM...

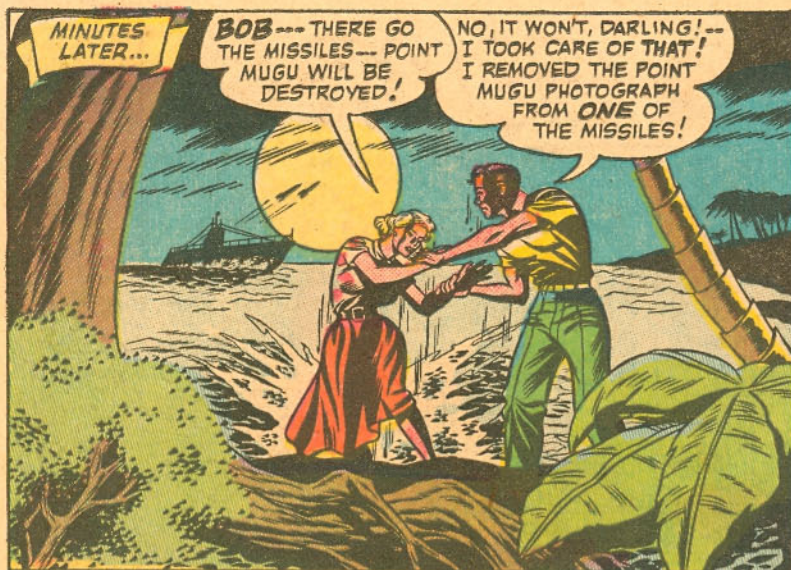
DIZZY... BLACKING OUT...

HMM, HE'S STARTED BABBLING SURPRISINGLY SOON --- I'VE ONLY GIVEN HIM A FEW CC. OF THE DRUG SO FAR! HIS CIRCULATION MUST BE IMPAIRED BY THOSE ROPES -- BETTER TAKE THEM OFF!









MINUTES
LATER...

BOB--- THERE GO
THE MISSILES--- POINT
MUGU WILL BE
DESTROYED!

NO, IT WON'T, DARLING!--
I TOOK CARE OF THAT!
I REMOVED THE POINT
MUGU PHOTOGRAPH
FROM **ONE** OF
THE MISSILES!

AND I SET IT SO THAT IT'LL
RETURN TO ITS **POINT OF
ORIGIN!** THAT'S WHY I LEFT
TOMAYUKI ALIVE---HE DOESN'T
KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE
MISSILE SETTINGS NOW THAT
SMITTY IS DEAD, AND I
KNEW HE'D BE SO ENRAGED
AT OUR ESCAPE THAT HE'D
FIRE THEM OFF
IMMEDIATELY!



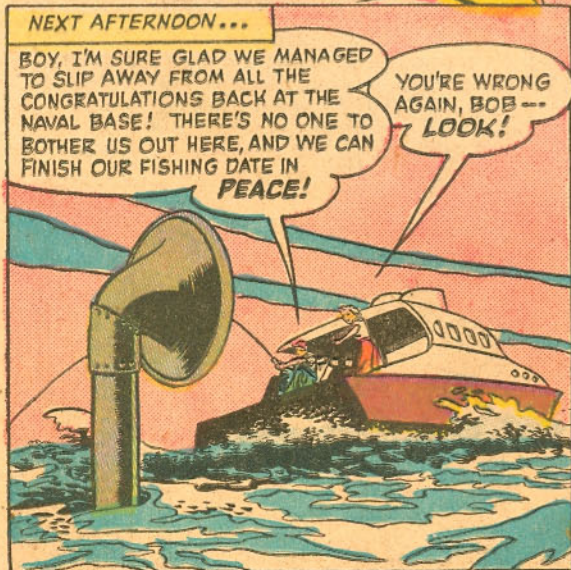
THEN --

IT **WORKED**,
BOB --- THE
MISSILE BLEW
UP THE SUB!
BUT... BUT
WAIT! WHAT
ABOUT THE
OTHER
MISSILE?

REMEMBER THE AERIAL
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SPIES'
HIDEOUT YOU STOLE FROM
TOMAYUKI? WELL, I PLACED
THAT IN THE OTHER
MISSILE, AND CHANGED
THE DIRECTIONAL SETTINGS
TO THE SANTA YNEZ
MOUNTAINS! THAT'S THE
END OF THE SPIES AND
THEIR HIDEOUT!



AND IN THE SPIES'
CAMOUFLAGED
HIDEOUT --



NEXT AFTERNOON...

BOY, I'M SURE GLAD WE MANAGED
TO SLIP AWAY FROM ALL THE
CONGRATULATIONS BACK AT THE
NAVAL BASE! THERE'S NO ONE TO
BOTHER US OUT HERE, AND WE CAN
FINISH OUR FISHING DATE IN
PEACE!

YOU'RE WRONG
AGAIN, BOB ---
LOOK!



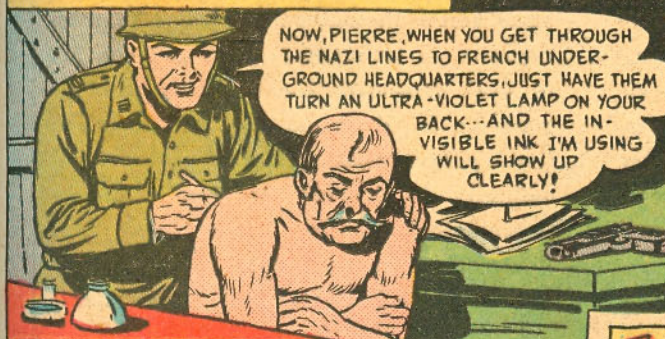
GREAT SCOTT -- HOW DID
THOSE NAVAL BASE BOYS KNOW
WE'D BE OUT HERE? I GUESS
THERE'S ONLY **ONE** THING
THAT'LL MAKE 'EM LET US
ALONE -- IF WE GET
MARRIED AND GO
ON OUR
HONEYMOON!

THAT'S JUST WHAT
I **HOPED** YOU'D
SAY, DARLING! AND
THAT'S WHY I TOLD
THE SUB CAPTAIN TO
PULL THIS STUNT--**AND
TO BRING HIS BIBLE
ALONG!**

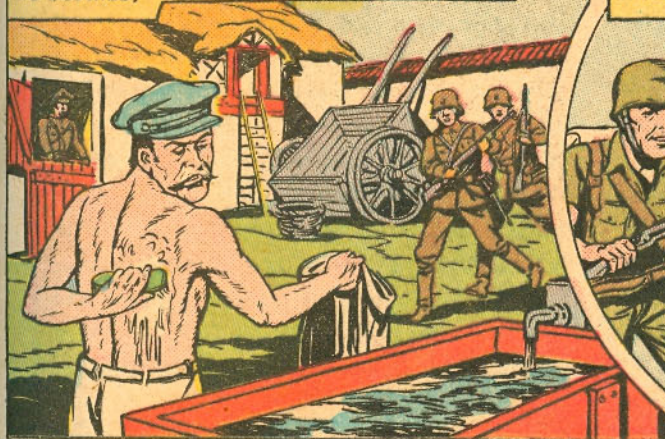
THE
END 10

CUNNING COURIERS

THE UNSUNG HEROES OF ESPIONAGE ARE THOSE DARING AND GALLANT COURIERS WHO SLIP BEHIND ENEMY LINES CARRYING VITAL CODES OR ORDERS...AND MANY A BATTLE HAS DEPENDED ON HOW CUNNINGLY A MESSAGE WAS CONCEALED, OR HOW CLEVERLY A COURIER DISPOSED OF THE MESSAGE IF HE WAS TRAPPED! TAKE THIS CASE FROM WORLD WAR 2, FOR EXAMPLE...



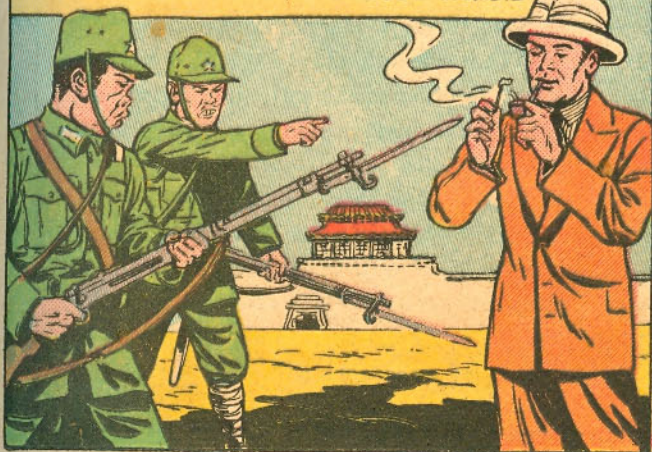
ON HIS WAY BACK TO ALLIED LINES, PIERRE WAS TRAPPED BY SUSPICIOUS NAZI GUARDS...BUT THE WILY COURIER HAD ALREADY WASHED HIS BACK, REMOVING ALL EVIDENCE OF THE MESSAGE!



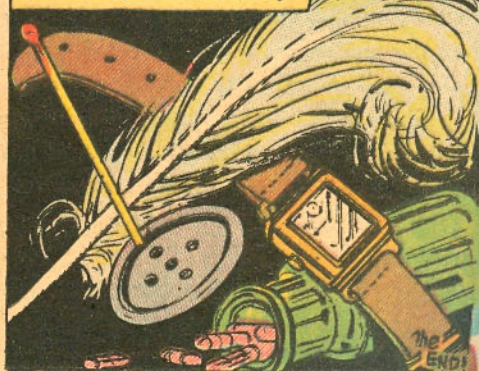
THE NAZIS THOUGHT THEY WERE BEING CUNNING WHEN THEY DEVELOPED A PAPER THAT DISSOLVES IN THE STOMACH WHEN SWALLOWED...BUT THE ALLIES WERE EVEN **MORE** CUNNING IN THE DEVICES THEY USED TO SECURE MESSAGES FROM A TRAPPED NAZI COURIER!



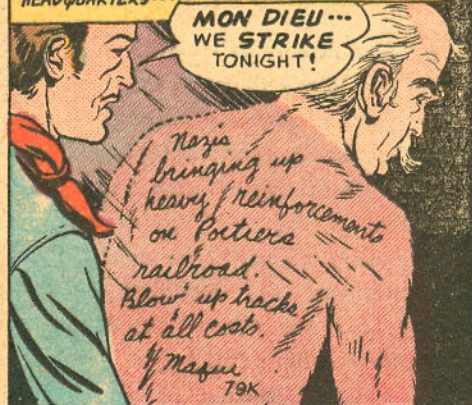
ALL AMERICAN COURIERS BEHIND JAPANESE LINES IN THE LAST WAR WERE FURNISHED WITH PIPES...AND ALL THEY HAD TO DO TO DESTROY INVALUABLE MICROFILMS OF PLANS AND ORDERS WAS TO LIGHT UP...AND WATCH THE EVIDENCE GO UP IN SMOKE!



OTHER PLACES OF CONCEALMENT FOR MICROFILMS WERE WOODEN MATCH STEMS, QUILLS IN THE FEATHERS OF A WOMAN'S HAT, THE WORKS OF A WATCH, THE INTERIOR OF AN OVERCOAT BUTTON, CAPSULES IN MEDICINE BOTTLES...AND INNUMERABLE OTHER DEVICES THOUGHT UP BY CUNNING COURIERS!



WHEN THE FRENCHMAN ARRIVED AT RESISTANCE HEADQUARTERS...



PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUE

COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AGENT Jim Marks thumbed once more through the sheaf of aerial photographs, trying for the hundredth time to find some meaning in the faint white areas which had been circled in red. "They've got to mean *something*, Chief," Jim said. "A known international spy wouldn't be trying to smuggle these photos out of the country just for the fun of it!"

The grizzled chief of the C.-I. Bureau lighted another cigar from the butt of his old one and said tiredly, "Yes, and he wouldn't have spent months flying all over the Rocky Mountain area taking those pictures just to enter them in a photography contest. But that still doesn't tell us what those white patches indicate---whether they're prospective sites of hide-outs for subversive forces, or---"

"Wait! That word 'prospective' gave me an idea," Jim said, excited. "Maybe he was *prospecting* for something. I seem to recall that modern prospectors use aerial photographs to find clues to gold, or oil, or diamond deposits!"

"Hah!" the chief snorted. "I suppose now you'll tell me the spy was prospecting for *uranium*!"

"Why not, Chief? There are vast areas in the Rockies that our prospectors haven't gotten around to yet---because it's a slow, cumbersome method to hunt for uranium on foot, using a Geiger-counter. Maybe some of our enemies have devised a much simpler and faster way, using aerial photographs to blanket thousands of square miles. Perhaps this spy was sent here to find some isolated uranium deposits that could be worked in secret by undercover forces!"

The chief bit on his cigar, musing. "I'm

beginning to get your drift. You might have something there, Jim. I'll get you some aerial photographs of known uranium deposits in Colorado. Then you can get to work comparing those photos with the ones we found on the spy, to see if you find any similarities. I'll also give you full authority to consult the Atomic Energy Commission experts, if you need help. Meanwhile, I'm going down to the inquiry room and see if I can't trick that spy into talking."

Two hours later, as Jim entered the inquiry room, the chief turned his weary, discouraged face to him. "I've had no luck with this bozo, Jim. What did *you* find out?"

Grimacing, Jim tossed the sheaf of aerial photographs onto the table near the sullen, tight-lipped spy. "I learned *plenty*, Chief. First off, I found out that all of our known uranium mines show up as white areas on aerial photographs---because uranium-bearing rocks are chiefly yellow, and yellow shows up white on black and white photos. So what our little spy here did was locate dozens of new uranium deposits for us!"

With an oath, the spy dove for the sheaf of photographs near him. But before he could even begin to tear them up, Jim's fist exploded in his face---and the spy sagged to the floor, out cold.

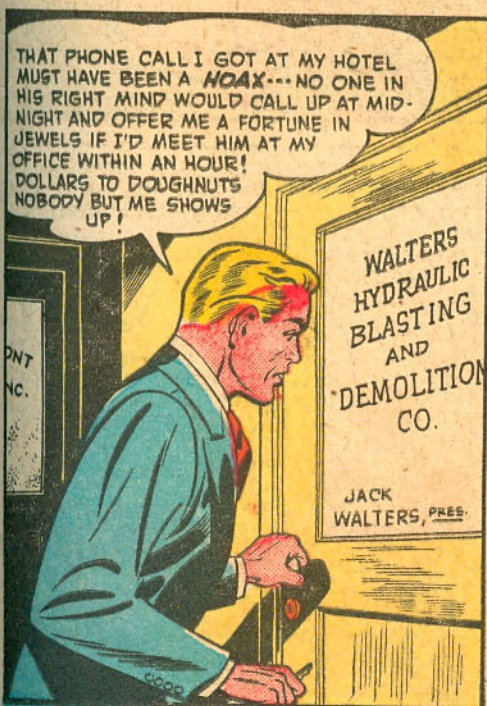
"That was all the verification we needed," the chief said, smiling. "He wouldn't have made such a desperate move unless you were absolutely right, Jim."

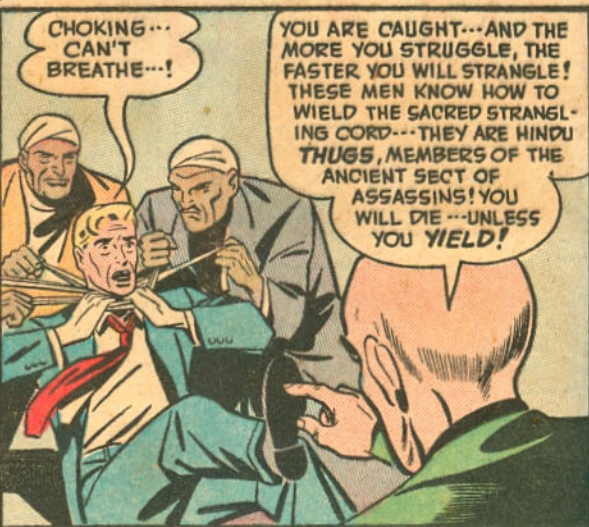
"He's done more than prove me right, Chief. He's also given our country a new, vastly more efficient method of finding uranium deposits---a method that will increase our atom-bomb stockpile to a point where *no* aggressor will dare attack us!"

INTRIGUE in INDIA



Jake A FORTUNE-HUNTING DYNAMITE EXPERT...WHET HIS APPETITE WITH THE WORLD'S LARGEST RUBY...CONFRONT HIM WITH DEADLY DANGER IN INDIA, STRIFE-TORN LAND OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE...SHAKE WELL BEFORE FUSING...AND LOOK OUT! FOR THESE INGREDIENTS MAKE AN EXPLOSIVE COMBINATION THAT'S HARD TO BEAT...ESPECIALLY WHEN A DEADLY MASTER-SPY FINDS OUT THAT THE AMERICAN DYNAMITER WIELDS HIS OWN BRAND OF T.N.T.!





THAT IS YOURS AS A DOWN PAYMENT WHEN YOU **ACCEPT** THE JOB...AND THE **GREATEST RUBY IN ALL INDIA** WILL BE YOURS AFTER YOU **COMPLETE** IT!

WHEW! DIAMONDS... RUBIES... EMERALDS

...BROTHER, YOU'VE JUST HIRED ME! WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO...**BOSSE?**

YOU WILL BE WORKING FOR THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR, WHOSE HUMBLE REPRESENTATIVE I AM! YOU ARE ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DEMOLITION EXPERTS...AND YOU WILL COME WITH ME TO BLAST AND DIVERT THE GREAT JHELUM RIVER OF THE PUNJAB, WHICH HAS ITS ORIGINS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KASHMIR! WE LEAVE TOMORROW NIGHT ON THE NEW DELHI PLANE!

THAT KIND OF A JOB IS RIGHT DOWN MY ALLEY! I'LL WIND UP MY AFFAIRS HERE, AND BY TOMORROW NIGHT...**JHELUM RIVER. WATCH OUT!**

GOOD...WE LEAVE YOU NOW! BUT REMEMBER...IF YOU BETRAY ME...**BEWARE!**

NEXT MORNING... BEFORE I GO TO KASHMIR, I MIGHT AS WELL LEARN WHAT CONDITIONS I CAN EXPECT TO FIND THERE! I REMEMBER READING ABOUT INDIA AND PAKISTAN FEUDING OVER THAT PROVINCE, AND I GUESS THE BEST SOURCE OF INFORMATION ABOUT THE QUARREL WOULD BE THE UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL HERE IN NEW YORK! I'M ALMOST THERE NOW... OH, OH... THAT BLACK LIMOUSINE IS STILL TRAILING ME... THOUGHT I'D SHAKEN IT!

...AND SO I'D LIKE TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON IN KASHMIR... BEFORE I GO THERE TO DIVERT THE JHELUM RIVER!

U.N. KASHMIR FILE COMMITTEE

MR. WALTERS, I **BEG** YOU NOT TO GO! THE PEACE OF ASIA AND OF THE WHOLE WORLD DEPENDS ON SETTLING THE DISPUTE BETWEEN INDIA AND PAKISTAN OVER KASHMIR, WHICH BOTH COUNTRIES CLAIM! AND ONE OF THE DISPUTES IS OVER THE PUNJAB RIVER, WHICH ORIGINATE IN HINDU-HELD KASHMIR AND FLOW INTO THE MOSLEM STATE OF PAKISTAN!

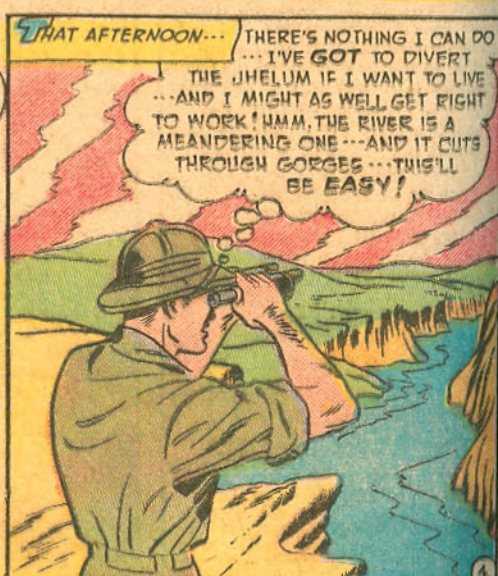
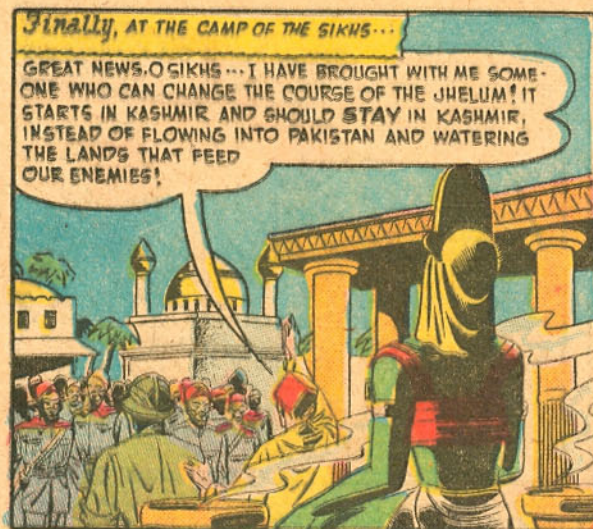
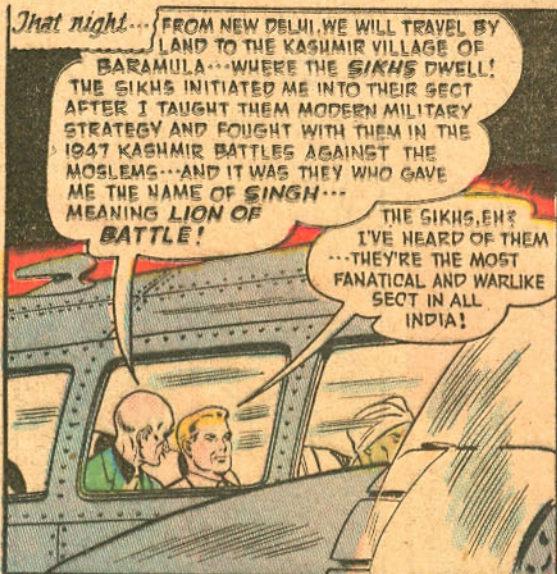
THE MOSLEMS **NEED** THOSE RIVER WATERS TO IRRIGATE THEIR ARID DESERT WASTES INTO FERTILE FARMS...AND WITHOUT WATER FOR THEIR IRRIGATION CANALS, MILLIONS OF PAKISTANI WILL **STARVE!** HINDU-MOSLEM RIOTING IN KASHMIR HAS ALREADY KILLED 230,000 CIVILIANS...AND IF WAR STARTS IN EARNEST, THE COMMUNISTS WILL HAVE AN EXCUSE TO INTERVENE, SINCE KASHMIR BORDERS ON RED CHINA'S SINKIANG PROVINCE! A CIVIL WAR WOULD TURN INTO A **WORLD WAR!**

SO I'M **PLEADING** WITH YOU NOT TO DIVERT THE JHELUM RIVER... BECAUSE THE ENRAGED MOSLEMS WOULD CERTAINLY INVADE KASHMIR TO PROTECT THEIR WATER SUPPLY... AND YOU WOULD BE THE CAUSE OF THE WAR! **SAY YOU WON'T GO!**

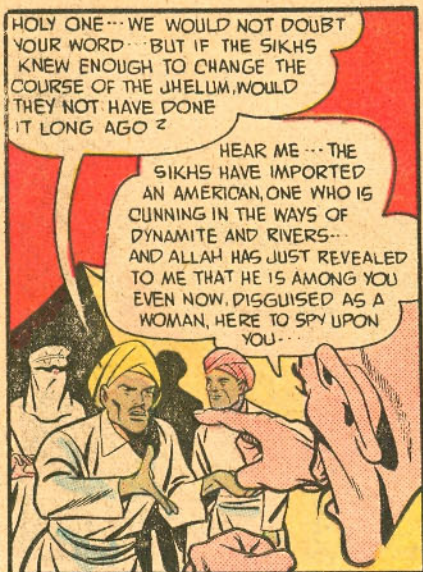
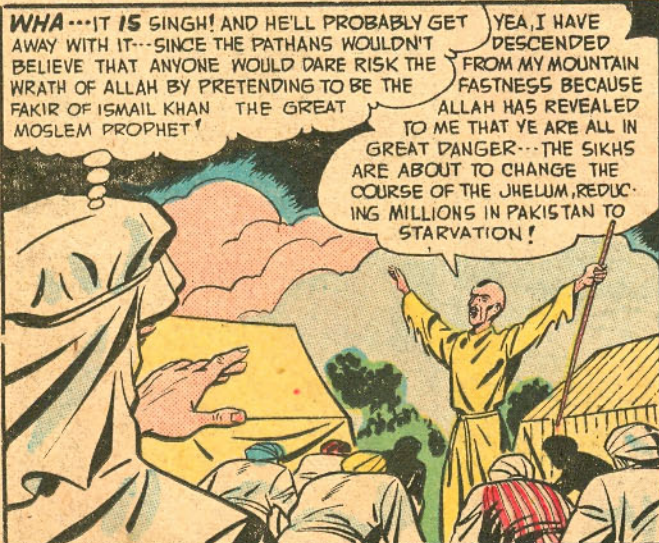
I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU, SIR...

OH, OH... SOMEONE'S EAVES-DROPPING!

...I **AM** GOING TO DIVERT THE JHELUM... I **CAN'T** TURN DOWN A RAJAH'S FORTUNE IN GEMS!



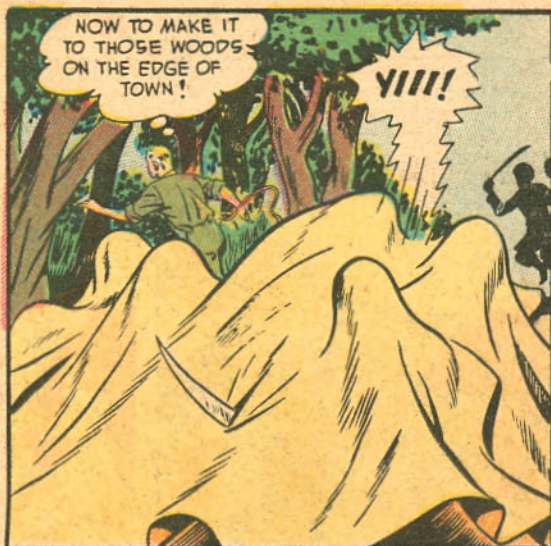






THIS OUGHT TO DO IT!

THE TENT ... IT FALLS!

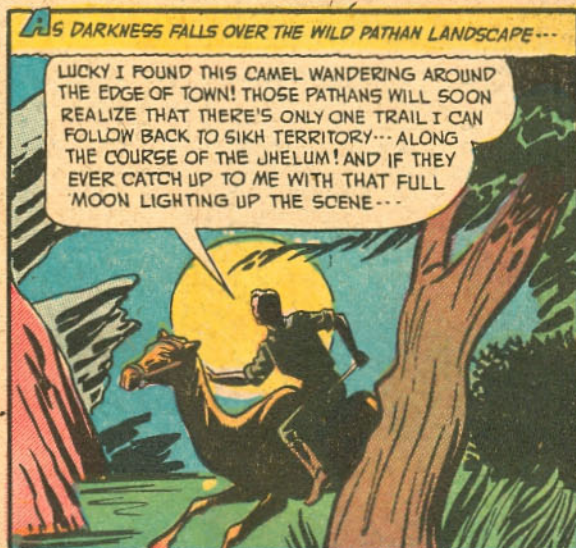


NOW TO MAKE IT TO THOSE WOODS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN!

YIIII!

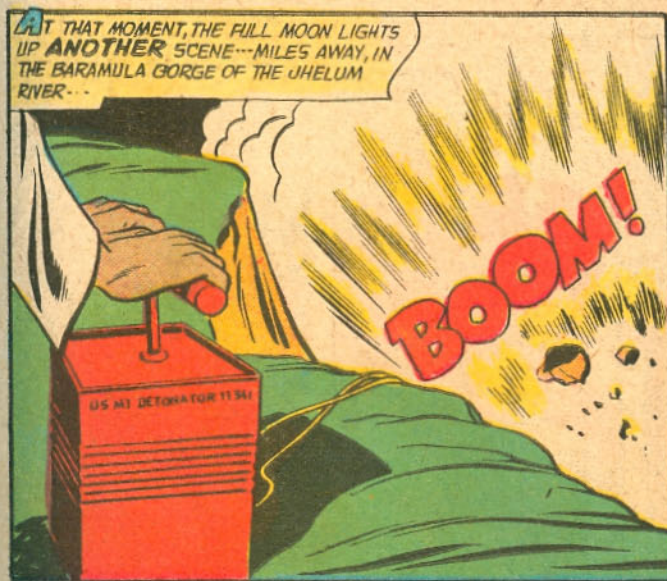


HURRY, O PATHANS ... PURSUE THE AMERICAN ... KILL HIM! AND THEN, **WAR AGAINST THE SIKHS!** AS FOR ME, I RETURN NOW TO THE MOUNTAINS, TO BESEECH ALLAH TO MAKE YOU MIGHTY IN BATTLE!



AS DARKNESS FALLS OVER THE WILD PATHAN LANDSCAPE...

LUCKY I FOUND THIS CAMEL WANDERING AROUND THE EDGE OF TOWN! THOSE PATHANS WILL SOON REALIZE THAT THERE'S ONLY ONE TRAIL I CAN FOLLOW BACK TO SIKH TERRITORY... ALONG THE COURSE OF THE JHELUM! AND IF THEY EVER CATCH UP TO ME WITH THAT FULL MOON LIGHTING UP THE SCENE...



AT THAT MOMENT, THE FULL MOON LIGHTS UP **ANOTHER** SCENE--MILES AWAY, IN THE BARAMULA GORGE OF THE JHELUM RIVER...

BOOM!



WHILE BACK IN PATHAN TERRITORY...

I HEARD THOSE HOOF-BEATS BEHIND ME JUST IN TIME TO PULL INTO THE SHADOWS... **IT'S SINGH!**

AS SOON AS SINGH PASSES...

I HEAR THE PATHANS BEHIND ME NOW! THEY'RE PROBABLY MOUNTED ON FAST, WAR-TRAINED CAMELS... AND THEY'LL BE CATCHING UP TO ME SOON, UNLESS A **MIRACLE** HAPPENS! SAY...MAYBE IT IS HAPPENING...THE JHELM SEEMS TO BE GETTING SHALLOWER BY THE MINUTE!



AND AMONG THE PURSUING PATHANS...

LOOK! THE JHELM THE SIKHS HAVE DONE THIS...TO STARVE OUR PEOPLE! LET US FORGET THE AMERICAN...AND RETURN TO AROUSE ALL THE TRIBES TO THE DANGER!



WHEW... THEY'RE TURNING BACK...AND JUST IN TIME! AND NOW, IF I CAN ONLY GET BACK TO THE SIKH CAMP BY DAWN!



AS THE RISING SUN SHEDS A CRIMSON GLOW OVER THE SIKH CAMP...

THE GREAT RUBY OF KALI HAS BEEN **STOLEN DURING THE NIGHT!** AWAKE, O SIKHS...TO ARMS!

HMMM... SINGH'S VOICE AGAIN!



I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM SPYING ON THE PATHANS...AND I OVERHEARD THEM BOASTING ABOUT STEALING THE RUBY! AND NOW THAT KALI, THE GODDESS OF DESTRUCTION, IS POWERLESS WITHOUT THE HOLY JEWEL AND CAN NO LONGER PROTECT US, THE PATHANS ARE PLOTTING TO SWOOP DOWN ON US AND SLAY US ALL!



BUT WE SHALL BE **READY** FOR THEM! GO TO YOUR TENTS, O SIKHS...ARM YOURSELVES...FOR SOON YOU **FIGHT!**

TO ARMS! DEATH TO THE IDOL-LOOTERS!



AS THE SIKHS RUSH TO THEIR TENTS...

A ARGHHH!



ALL RIGHT, YOU DOUBLE-TALKING WEASEL...I WANT MY FINAL PAYMENT FOR THAT RIVER-BLASTING JOB...THE GREATEST RUBY IN INDIA THAT YOU PROMISED ME! AND IF I DON'T GET IT...

WAIT...I...I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU! JUST...JUST LET ME UNEARTH IT FROM ITS HIDING PLACE!

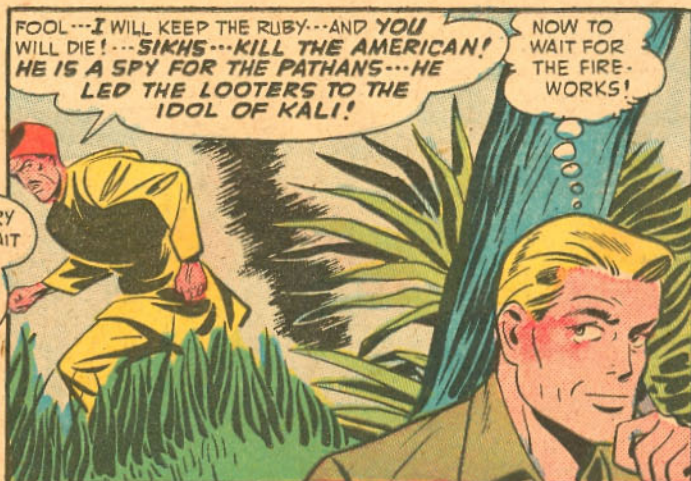




HERE---HERE
IT IS!

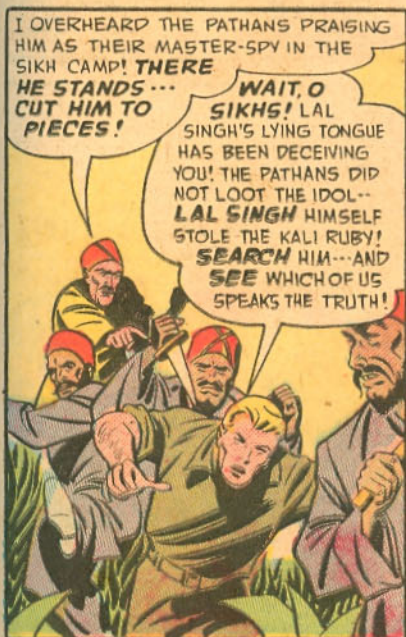
IT'S THE **KALI RUBY**!
NOW I'VE GOT TO DO
SOME DOUBLE-CROSSING
---I'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM
A CHANCE TO ESCAPE
BEFORE HE GIVES ME THE
RUBY---

GOOD---BUT I
DON'T WANT TO CARRY
IT AROUND WITH ME! WAIT
HERE UNTIL I GET MY
CAMEL---I'LL HIDE IT
IN MY
PACK!



FOOL---I WILL KEEP THE RUBY---AND YOU
WILL DIE!---**SIKHS---KILL THE AMERICAN!**
HE IS A SPY FOR THE PATHANS---HE
LED THE LOOTERS TO THE
IDOL OF KALI!

NOW TO
WAIT FOR
THE FIRE-
WORKS!



I OVERHEARD THE PATHANS PRAISING
HIM AS THEIR MASTER-SPY IN THE
SIKH CAMP! **THERE**
HE STANDS---
CUT HIM TO
PIECES!

WAIT, O
SIKHS! LAL
SINGH'S LYING TONGUE
HAS BEEN DECEIVING
YOU! THE PATHANS DID
NOT LOOT THE IDOL--
LAL SINGH HIMSELF
STOLE THE **KALI RUBY**!
SEARCH HIM---AND
SEE WHICH OF US
SPEAKS THE TRUTH!



LET US PROVE THAT IT IS
THE **AMERICAN** WHO
LIES---**SEARCH LAL**
SINGH!

NO---
NO---!



THE KALI RUBY! THE
AMERICAN SPOKE THE
TRUTH---**LAL SINGH**
IS A TRAITOR!

HE'LL PAY
WITH HIS
LIFE!



BUT SUDDENLY---

TO YOUR POSTS, O
SIKHS! THE PATHANS
ARE COMING---
THOUSANDS OF
THEM!



THEIR HORDES ARE THUNDERING UP THE DRY RIVER-
BED OF THE JHELUM---THEY WILL OUTFLANK OUR
DEFENSES! WE ARE LOST---BUT WE WILL FIGHT TO
THE DEATH!

NO, YOU'RE **NOT** LOST---MY
DYNAMITE CAN STILL WIN A
BLOODLESS BATTLE FOR YOU!
TRUST ME AND---HOLD LAL
SINGH PRISONER!

LUCKY THAT I THOUGHT SOMETHING LIKE THIS MIGHT HAPPEN...AND THAT I SECRETLY PLACED AN EVEN HEAVIER DEMOLITION CHARGE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BARAMULA GORGE LANDSLIDE. JUST BEFORE I SNEAKED BACK TO CAMP AT DAWN THIS MORNING!



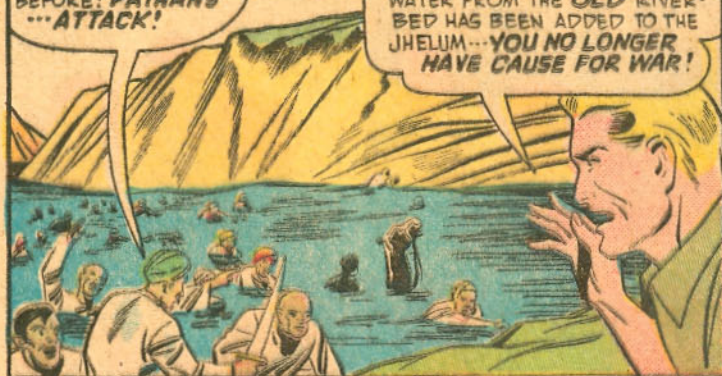
AND MOMENTS LATER, IN THE JHELM RIVER-BED...



THEN, BEFORE THE PATHANS CAN REASSEMBLE THEIR FORCES-

THE WATERS OF THE JHELM HAVE RETURNED...BUT WE CAN **STILL** TAKE REVENGE ON THE SIKHS FOR HAVING DRIED UP THE RIVER BEFORE! **PATHANS...ATTACK!**

WAIT, PATHANS...**LOOK** AT THE JHELM...THERE IS NOW **MORE** WATER THAN BEFORE! THE CREST IS HIGHER BECAUSE THE SMALL AMOUNT OF WATER FROM THE **OLD** RIVER-BED HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE JHELM...**YOU NO LONGER HAVE CAUSE FOR WAR!**



TRUE...THE JHELM **IS** HIGHER! BUT WE STILL HAVE CAUSE FOR WAR...THE FAKIR OF ISMAIL KHAN TOLD US...

THE FAKIR OF ISMAIL KHAN WAS A **FAKIR**... AN **IMPOSTOR!**



HERE IS THE SWINE WHO PRETENDED TO BE THE HOLY ONE, WHO LIED IN ALLAH'S NAME!...START CONFESSING, RAT...OR I'LL THROW YOU TO THEM!

NO...I...I'LL **CONFESS!** I PRETENDED TO BE THE FAKIR...JUST AS I PRETENDED TO BE A FRIEND OF THE SIKHS! I...I'M ACTUALLY A RED AGENT, SENT TO KASHMIR TO STIR UP WAR BETWEEN INDIA AND PAKISTAN...SO THAT THE COMMUNISTS COULD INTERVENE AND TAKE OVER ALL INDIA!

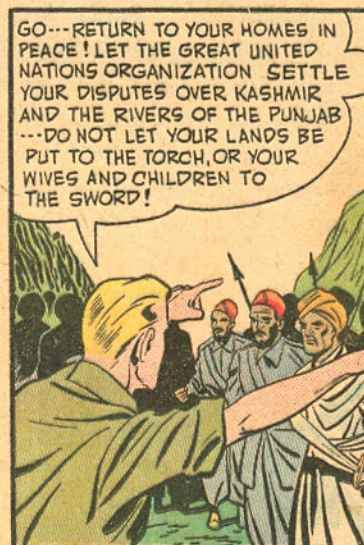


SWINE...YOU MOCKED THE NAME OF THE HOLY ONE...YOU DEFILED THE NAME OF ALLAH...AND FOR THAT WE **KILL** YOU!

HE...HE SQUIRMED OUT OF MY HANDS!

NO, NO!





HEEL-CLICKING HEEL

FROM THE WINDOW of his luxurious hotel suite overlooking the capital, Farnov's eyes sought out the mosques of the ancient walled city, trying to find the room in which the Generalissimo himself sat and plotted the destruction of the democracies. It was an impossible task, he knew, for the great dictator was said to work only in vault-like, windowless rooms of solid concrete. But Farnov could not help imagining beforehand what it would be like to stand in that room in the hallowed presence of the Supreme Ruler of the State---even though within an hour he would know what it was like.

Yes, within an hour, he---Ivan Farnov, Espionage Agent L79X---would stride into that vault-like room, come stiffly to attention, and click the heels of his military boots sharply together as he bowed to the All-Powerful Dictator. Then he would report that his espionage mission to the United States had been fabulously successful, for he'd gotten access to and memorized the complicated formula of the deadliest gas ever devised by man---a gas that could wipe out whole cities, entire populations.

United States scientists had stumbled accidentally upon the correct formula, but the American government had such humane scruples that they immediately filed it away in their top-secret vaults, never intending to use it. Farnov, however, had managed to secure the carbon paper from which a copy of the formula had been made---and now the deadly secret was stored in his memory.

Immediately upon his return to his own country, Farnov had reported the nature of his discovery to his superior in the Es-

pionage Bureau. That excited official insisted that such a vitally important formula should be revealed first to the Supreme Ruler himself.

So, before Farnov had even repeated it to anyone, he'd been hustled off to this palatial hotel suite, where barbers and manicurists worked over him in preparation for the interview with the greatest of all Dictators.

Farnov's military uniform and boots had been brought by messenger from his home, and now he was standing, resplendently attired in front of his hotel window, waiting for his boots to be brought up by the hotel bootblack. Yes, within an hour---

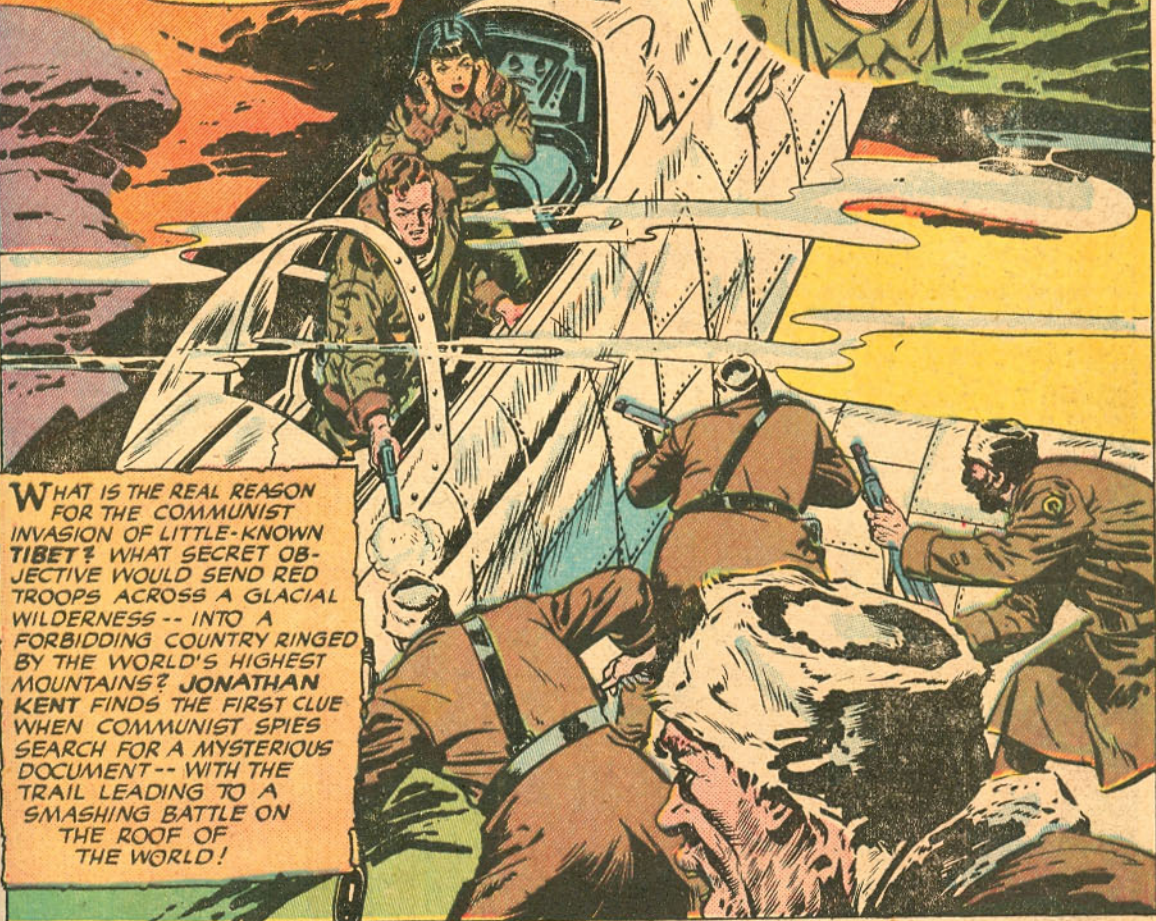
A sudden knock at the door interrupted his reverie. A wrinkled, stooped bootblack was humbly bowing in front of Farnov, gently lowering a pair of highly polished military boots to the thickly carpeted floor. Farnov exulted at the bootblack's subservient attitude---that was the way all the masses of the world would behave towards their new rulers as soon as the deadly gas wiped out those who foolishly opposed the Great Dictator.

But since his door was now closed, Farnov couldn't see the aged-appearing bootblack straighten up and run nimbly down the stairs like an athletic man of thirty.

When the loud explosion and the dying shriek came from Farnov's room minutes later, Chuck Hamel, U. S. Counter-Espionage Agent, was in an alley of the hotel, stripping off his bootblack's disguise, wryly thinking how unfortunate it was that the dynamite he'd placed in the heels of Farnov's boots hadn't exploded in the presence of the arch-dictator himself.

Jonathan KENT

ESPIONAGE ACE



WHAT IS THE REAL REASON FOR THE COMMUNIST INVASION OF LITTLE-KNOWN TIBET? WHAT SECRET OBJECTIVE WOULD SEND RED TROOPS ACROSS A GLACIAL WILDERNESS -- INTO A FORBIDDING COUNTRY RINGED BY THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS? JONATHAN KENT FINDS THE FIRST CLUE WHEN COMMUNIST SPIES SEARCH FOR A MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT -- WITH THE TRAIL LEADING TO A SMASHING BATTLE ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD!

AT COUNTER-ESPIONAGE HEADQUARTERS--

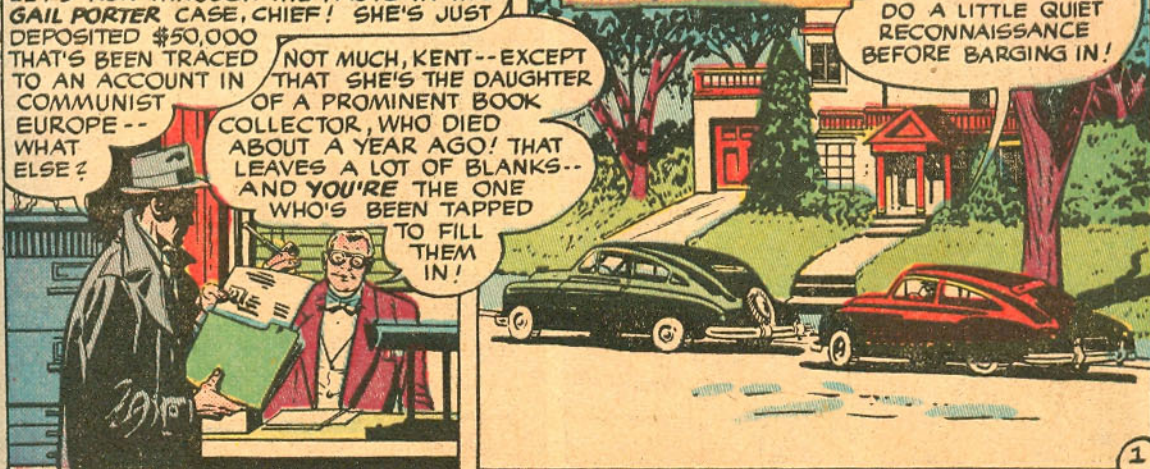
LET'S RUN THROUGH THE FACTS IN THIS GAIL PORTER CASE, CHIEF! SHE'S JUST DEPOSITED \$50,000 THAT'S BEEN TRACED TO AN ACCOUNT IN COMMUNIST EUROPE -- WHAT ELSE?

NOT MUCH, KENT--EXCEPT THAT SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF A PROMINENT BOOK COLLECTOR, WHO DIED ABOUT A YEAR AGO! THAT LEAVES A LOT OF BLANKS-- AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN TAPPED

TO FILL THEM IN!

A HALF HOUR LATER-- AS JONATHAN REACHES THE PORTER HOME--

THAT MIGHT BE ANYONE'S CAR-- BUT I THINK I'LL DO A LITTLE QUIET RECONNAISSANCE BEFORE BARGING IN!



IN A WORD, MISS PORTER-- WE PAID YOU \$50,000 FOR YOUR FATHER'S **COMPLETE** COLLECTION-- BUT WE HAVEN'T GOTTEN IT!

I'VE TURNED OVER EVERYTHING BUT A FEW MANUSCRIPTS-- AND I DIDN'T THINK **THOSE** WOULD BE INCLUDED IN THE DEAL FOR MY FATHER'S BOOKS!



THEN IT'S TIME TO ENLIGHTEN YOU! THE ONLY REASON WE BOUGHT THE ENTIRE PORTER COLLECTION WAS TO CAMOUFLAGE OUR INTEREST IN THE ONE ITEM WE **DIDN'T** RECEIVE-- **THE MARCO POLO MANUSCRIPT!**



UNEXPECTEDLY--

MARCO POLO ROAMED ACROSS A GOOD PART OF ASIA IN HIS DAY-- BUT I NEVER THOUGHT YOU REDS WOULD TRY TO MAKE HIM A FELLOW TRAVELLER!



WHO ARE YOU?

THE NAME'S JONATHAN KENT, SWEETHEART! GET OUT THAT MANUSCRIPT-- ANYTHING THAT INTERESTS COMMUNISTS \$50,000 WORTH RATES A CLOSE LOOK BY THE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SERVICE!



KEEP YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS, BUD! FISHING OUT THAT **LIGHTER** COULD HAVE MEANT TROUBLE!



YOU'RE RIGHT-- IT **DOES!**

YE GODS-- TEAR GAS!



AS JONATHAN STAGGERS BLINDLY--





THE MARCO POLO PAPERS! YOUR MEDDLING FRIEND HAS BEEN A BIG HELP, MISS PORTER!



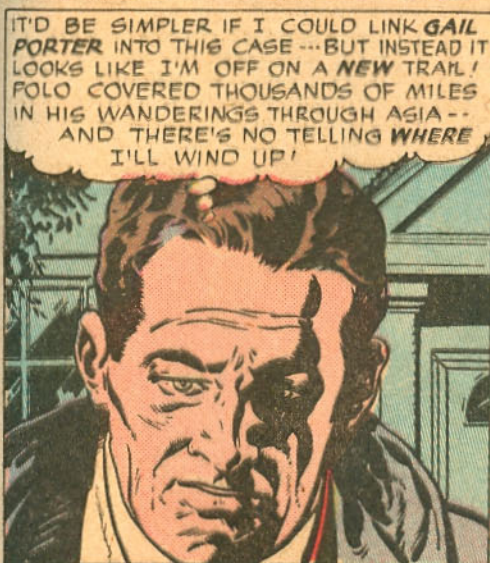
GOOD HEAVENS-- THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

TOUGH BREAK, HONEY-- BUT IF I TRIED TO FIRE NOW, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT I'D HIT!

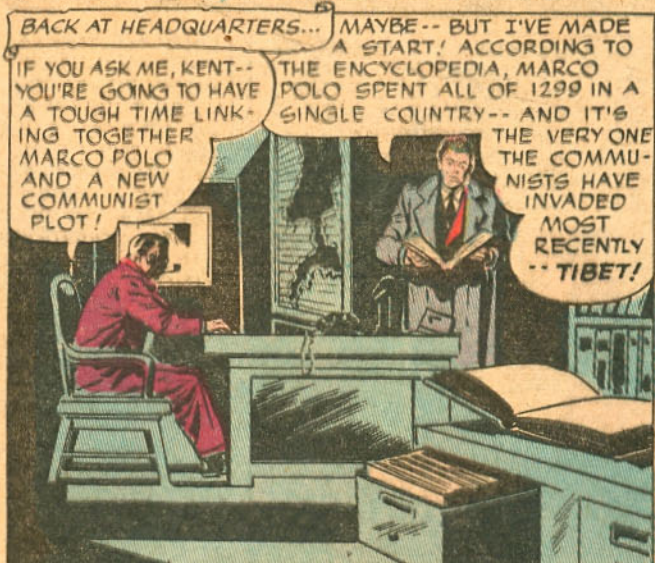


WELL, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN HEAVED BACK TO THE STARTING LINE! WHAT'S THAT MARCO POLO MANUSCRIPT ABOUT?

I REALLY DON'T KNOW! ALL I REMEMBER IS THAT IT'S AN UNPUBLISHED SECTION OF MARCO POLO'S TRAVEL JOURNAL FOR THE YEAR 1299!



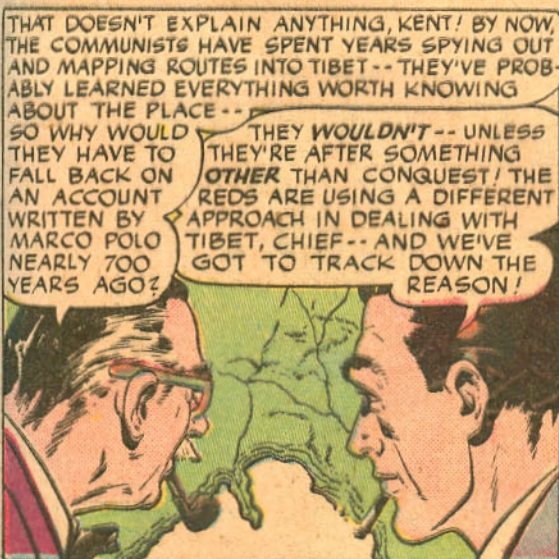
IT'D BE SIMPLER IF I COULD LINK GAIL PORTER INTO THIS CASE-- BUT INSTEAD IT LOOKS LIKE I'M OFF ON A NEW TRAIL! POLO COVERED THOUSANDS OF MILES IN HIS WANDERINGS THROUGH ASIA-- AND THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE I'LL WIND UP!



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...

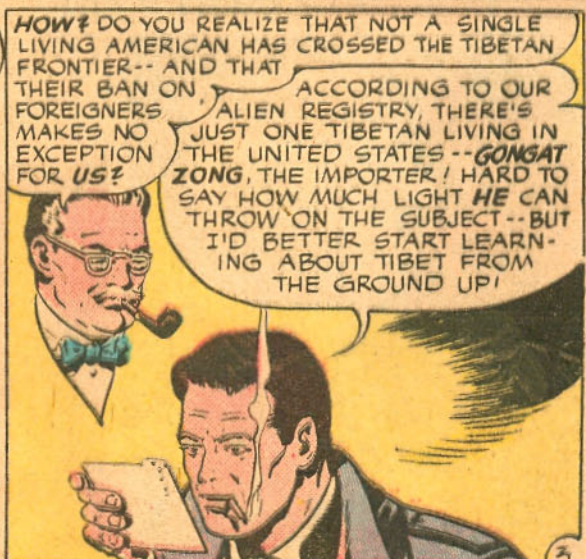
IF YOU ASK ME, KENT-- YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A TOUGH TIME LINKING TOGETHER MARCO POLO AND A NEW COMMUNIST PLOT!

MAYBE-- BUT I'VE MADE A START! ACCORDING TO THE ENCYCLOPEDIA, MARCO POLO SPENT ALL OF 1299 IN A SINGLE COUNTRY-- AND IT'S THE VERY ONE THE COMMUNISTS HAVE INVADED MOST RECENTLY-- TIBET!



THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN ANYTHING, KENT! BY NOW THE COMMUNISTS HAVE SPENT YEARS SPYING OUT AND MAPPING ROUTES INTO TIBET-- THEY'VE PROBABLY LEARNED EVERYTHING WORTH KNOWING ABOUT THE PLACE-- SO WHY WOULD THEY HAVE TO FALL BACK ON AN ACCOUNT WRITTEN BY MARCO POLO NEARLY 700 YEARS AGO?

THEY WOULDN'T-- UNLESS THEY'RE AFTER SOMETHING OTHER THAN CONQUEST! THE REDS ARE USING A DIFFERENT APPROACH IN DEALING WITH TIBET, CHIEF-- AND WE'VE GOT TO TRACK DOWN THE REASON!



HOW? DO YOU REALIZE THAT NOT A SINGLE LIVING AMERICAN HAS CROSSED THE TIBETAN FRONTIER-- AND THAT THEIR BAN ON FOREIGNERS MAKES NO EXCEPTION FOR US?

ACCORDING TO OUR ALIEN REGISTRY, THERE'S JUST ONE TIBETAN LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES-- GONGAT ZONG, THE IMPORTER! HARD TO SAY HOW MUCH LIGHT HE CAN THROW ON THE SUBJECT-- BUT I'D BETTER START LEARNING ABOUT TIBET FROM THE GROUND UP!

THAT NIGHT--IN AN OLD DOWNTOWN SECTION--

HERE HE IS--
GONGAT ZONG--
TOP FLOOR!



A MOMENT LATER--

GOOD EVENING! I'M
LOOKING FOR A PARTY
NAMED GONGAT ZONG--
BUT INSTEAD I'VE MADE
WHAT YOU MIGHT
CALL A LUCKY
MISTAKE!

NO-- THIS IS THE
RIGHT APARTMENT!
I'M WHITE
BLOSSOM,
GONGAT ZONG'S
DAUGHTER!



I'M A GOVERNMENT AGENT, MR.
ZONG-- LOOKING FOR INFORMATION
ON TIBET! BUT BEFORE
WE BEGIN-- SINCE YOU'RE
THE ONLY REGISTERED
TIBETAN IN THIS
COUNTRY--WHAT ABOUT HER?

AH! I ADOPTED
WHITE BLOSSOM--
WHEN HER
CHINESE
PARENTS DIED
FIFTEEN YEARS
AGO!



LIKE ALL TIBETANS-- I
WANT MY REMAINS TO BE
TAKEN TO MY HOMELAND
WHEN I DIE! NOW I WILL
BE ABLE TO COUNT ON
SOMEONE I HAVE RAISED
AS MY OWN FLESH AND
BLOOD-- INSTEAD OF
RELYING, AS DO MANY
OF MY COUNTRYMEN IN
FAROFF PLACES, ON THE
KINDNESS OF
STRANGERS!



STRANGERS? DO YOU MEAN
THAT STRANGERS CAN GET
INTO TIBET-- IF THEY'RE
BRINGING BACK A NATIVE FOR
BURIAL?

WE TIBETANS
ARE GREAT BELIEVERS IN TRADITION!
NATURALLY, IT DOESN'T
HAPPEN OFTEN!



BUT SUDDENLY--

IT'S HAPPENING
NOW, GONGAT
ZONG!



FOR PETE'S SAKE--
GET BACK!

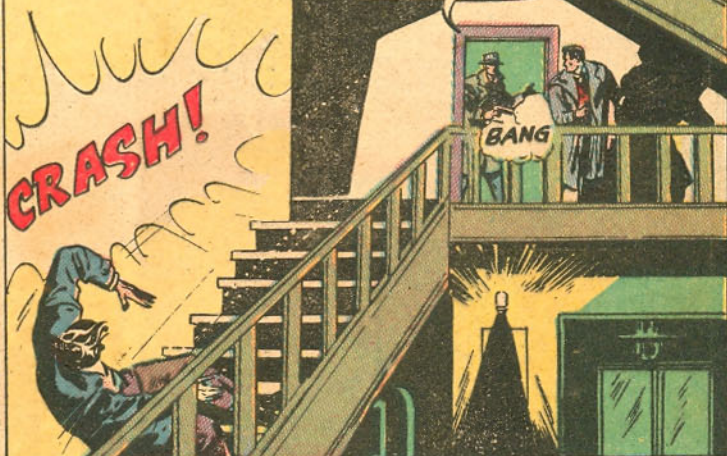
SO YOU'RE
HERE, EH?



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU RATS WOULDN'T STOP AT MURDER!



THERE'S ANOTHER THING YOU MIGHT HAVE KNOWN-- YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY FROM THIS ENCOUNTER ALIVE!



WE DISAGREE ON JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING, DON'T WE, RATS?



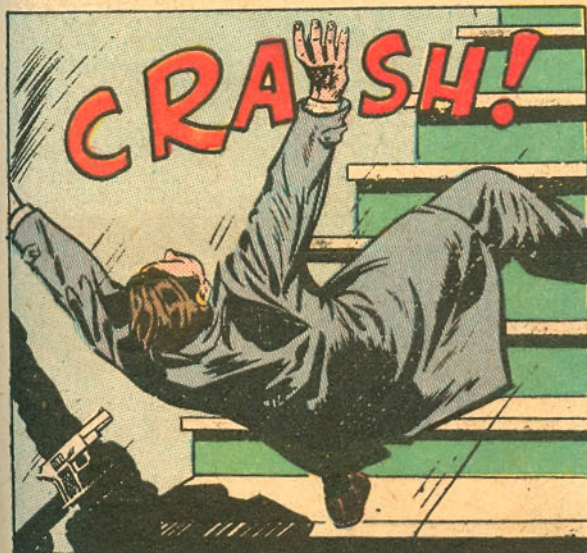
IT'S PROBABLY TOO LATE TO HELP GONGAT ZONG-- BUT WE'RE GETTING HIM TO A HOSPITAL-- PICK HIM UP!



THEN-- MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT ME IN MIND, KENT!



CRAASH!



NOW WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THE BUSINESS THAT BROUGHT US HERE!



AS THE SPIES LIFT GONGAT ZONG'S BODY FROM THE FLOOR--

MINUTES LATER--

THAT SOLVES THE PROBLEM OF GETTING INTO TIBET-- ONCE WE'VE SHOT KENT AND THE GIRL!

BLOCKHEAD! SLAVONIAN BULLETS IN AN AMERICAN AGENT MIGHT LEAD TO TROUBLE! WE'VE GOT TO DISPOSE OF THEM WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE-- AND THE METHOD'S WAITING RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET!



THIS PIT WAS BLASTED SO THAT THE LOG COULD BE HAMMERED DOWN TO BEDROCK-- AND YOU TWO WILL BE AT THE BOTTOM WHEN THE JOB'S RESUMED IN THE MORNING!



OH!!

TWENTY FEET BELOW...



CRASH!



THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE NOT HURT BADLY EITHER! I'D HATE TO BE ALONE IN A FIX LIKE THIS!

I DUNNO... THERE'S NO WAY TO CLIMB OUT-- AND AT THIS DEPTH, THERE'S NO USE YELLING FOR HELP! WE MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT, HONEY-- THIS IS THE KIND OF TRAP PEOPLE DON'T LIVE TO TALK ABOUT!

DURING THE SLOW, TENSE HOURS THAT FOLLOW--

WHAT IN BLAZES IS THAT LITTLE PIECE OF CLOTH YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING AT SO LONG, WHITE BLOSSOM?

SOMETHING GONGAT ZONG GAVE ME-- A FRAGMENT OF THE YELLOW HEADGEAR WORN BY THE ORIGINAL DALAI LAMA! AGES AGO, A BAND OF THE DALAI LAMA'S FOLLOWERS FOUGHT OFF AN ATTACK BY HEATHEN TRIBESMEN-- AND WERE AWARDED STRIPS OF CLOTH THAT DESIGNATED THEIR FAMILIES FOREVER AFTER AS MEMBERS OF THE "LOYAL DEFENDERS!"



EVEN TODAY, THERE ARE ONLY A HANDFUL OF "LOYAL DEFENDERS" ENTRUSTED WITH THE PROTECTION OF THE "OCEAN PRIEST"-- WHICH IS WHAT DALAI LAMA MEANS IN ENGLISH!

THAT'S STRANGE, CONSIDERING THAT TIBET'S NOWHERE NEAR THE SEA! WISH WE HAD TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT, BABY-- BUT IT'S DAYLIGHT-- AND I CAN HEAR SIGNS OF ACTIVITY UP ABOVE!





JONATHAN--
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO THE
SUNLIGHT?
IT'S
GROWN
SUDDENLY
DARK
AGAIN!

YEP--THEY'VE GOT
THE END OF THE LOG
POISED AT THE TOP
OF THE PIT! I KNOW
YOU WERE HOPING THAT
LITTLE PIECE OF CLOTH
WOULD HELP, WHITE
BLOSSOM-- BUT THAT
MASS OF WOOD IS
GOING TO COME
SLAMMING DOWN
ANY SECOND!



THEN -- UNDER A SMASHING
IMPACT FROM ABOVE--

WHAM!

BRACE
YOURSELF.
HONEY--
HERE IT
COMES!



GRASH



OUR LUCK HELD,
JONATHAN-- THE
LOG CAN'T GET
PAST THAT MASS
OF ROCK!

NOT THE *FIRST* TIME--
BUT THEY'LL BE RAISING
IT BACK TO THE TOP
OF THE PIT-- TO GIVE
IT ENOUGH MOMENTUM
TO SMASH
THROUGH!



LISTEN, BABY! IT'LL PROBABLY BE A
WASTED GESTURE IN A SPOT LIKE THIS--
BUT GET YOUR ARMS AROUND
ME -- FAST!



AN INSTANT
LATER-- AS
THE PILE
RISES--



HOLD IT! HOLY SMOKE--
HOW'D YOU TWO GET
DOWN THERE? YOU
MIGHT HAVE BEEN
SHOVED CLEAR
THROUGH TO
CHINA!

TIBET WOULD HAVE
BEEN A LOT HANDIER,
BUD! COME ON, WHITE
BLOSSOM-- LET'S GET
TO HEADQUARTERS!

SOON AFTERWARD--

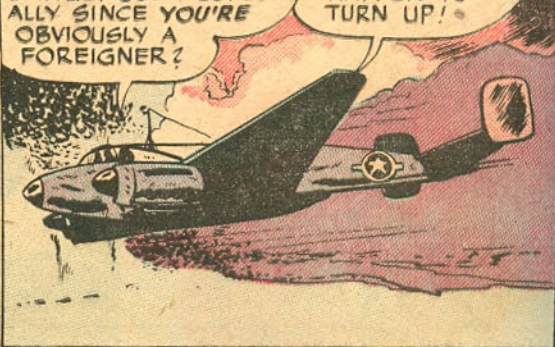
ONE THING'S CERTAIN, KENT! THE SPIES WOULDN'T HAVE MURDERED GONGAT ZONG AS A MEANS OF GETTING INSIDE TIBET-- UNLESS SOMETHING THEY FOUND IN THE MARCO POLO PAPERS GAVE THEM GOOD REASON FOR GOING THERE!

RIGHT-- AND I'M READY TO FOLLOW UP! I WON'T TAKE TIME TO EXPLAIN WHAT THIS YELLOW RAG MEANS, CHIEF-- EXCEPT THAT IT PROVIDES **ANOTHER** WAY OF GETTING INTO TIBET!

WITHIN AN HOUR--

JONATHAN-- LHASA, THE CAPITAL OF TIBET, HAS ALWAYS BEEN CALLED THE **FORBIDDEN CITY**! DON'T YOU THINK OUR POSING AS LOYAL DEFENDERS WILL BE DANGEROUS-- ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY A FOREIGNER?

MIGHT BE-- ORDINARILY! BUT RIGHT NOW, TIBET'S IN A TIGHT SPOT-- AND I HAVE A HUNCH THEY WON'T BE TOO EAGER TO QUESTION ANY FRIENDS WHO HAPPEN TO TURN UP!



FIVE DAYS LATER -- ABOVE THE BEETLING HIMALAYAS--

OOH! THIS IS ALMOST AS BUMPY AS RIDING A ROLLER COASTER!

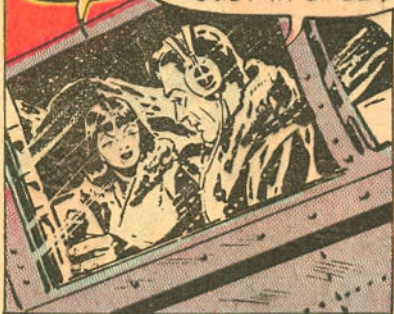
YEP! THOSE PEAKS SEND UP DANGEROUS AIR CURRENTS-- AND I WAS JUST THINKING IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF WE CLIMBED INTO OUR CHUTES-- JUST IN CASE!

AS JONATHAN'S PLANE CIRCLES OVER THE TREMENDOUS WALLS OF LHASA--



DZANG KA-SHA HOTI TZONG!

THE PIECE OF YELLOW CLOTH WORKED, JONATHAN! THEY SAY WE'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME -- WE MUST JOIN THE OTHER LOYAL DEFENDERS GATHERED TO PROTECT THE DALAI LAMA IN HIS HIDDEN RETREAT!



GREAT GUNS! THEN THE DALAI LAMA'S FLED FROM LHASA-- AND WE CAN STOP GUESSING-- HE'S THE ONE THE COMMUNISTS ARE AFTER! IF THOSE RATS ARE RUNNING TRUE TO FORM, THEIR IDEA IS TO BUMP HIM OFF AND PUT A STOOGUE IN HIS PLACE-- THEREBY CONTROLLING MILLIONS OF BUDDHISTS FAR MORE EFFECTIVELY THAN THE USUAL MIXTURE OF PROPAGANDA AND MACHINE GUNS!



JONATHAN-- WE'VE GOT TO HELP! I'LL ASK THE GUARD HOW TO REACH THE DALAI LAMA!

WAIT! CAN'T YOU SEE IF THEY KNEW-- THEY'D BE THERE? IT'S A **SECRET** KNOWN TO ONLY FOUR MEN OUTSIDE THE RANKS OF THE LOYAL DEFENDERS-- MARCO POLO-- AND THOSE **THREE SPIES**! AND BY NOW-- THEY'VE PROBABLY TIPPED OFF THE SLAVONIAN INVADERS!



GOOD HEAVENS, JONATHAN-- IS THAT WHY THE SPIES STOLE THE MANUSCRIPT YOU MENTIONED-- TO FIND WHERE THE DALAI LAMA IS HIDING?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE ESCAPED FROM LHASA WHEN HE REALIZED THAT THE COMMUNISTS WERE AFTER HIM-- AND NOW-- SOMEWHERE-- THEY'RE CLOSING IN!



AN HOUR LATER -- IN THE SHADOWED TEMPLE OF ARCHIVES--

I HONESTLY CAN'T SEE WHERE IT'LL HELP TO POKE AROUND THOUSANDS OF RECORDS, JONATHAN-- AT A TIME WHEN EVERY MINUTE IS VITAL!

MAYBE-- BUT THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF LEAD FILED AWAY HERE-- OR THE SPIES WOULDN'T HAVE GONE AFTER THE MARCO POLO MANUSCRIPT IN THE FIRST PLACE!



SUDDENLY--

WHITE BLOSSOM-- DUCK DOWN!



BANG!



WHAM!



THEN-- AS JONATHAN RUSHES FROM THE ADJOINING AISLE--

BUSTER-- THERE'S SOMETHING I DON'T LIKE ABOUT A SHOT IN THE BACK FROM THE RACK!



ACCORDING TO THE INSCRIPTION ON HIS ROBE, HE'S AN OFFICIAL-- ONE OF THE KEEPERS OF THE ARCHIVES!

YEP-- AN' THE FINGER MAN WHO PUT THOSE SPIES ON THE TRAIL OF THE MARCO POLO PAPERS! LET'S FIND THE RECORDS FOR 1299, HONEY-- AND GET A LINE ON WHAT THIS RAT DISCOVERED!



MINUTES LATER-- HERE IT IS, JONATHAN! THE ACCOUNT SAYS THAT MARCO POLO AIDED THE DALAI LAMA'S FLIGHT TO THE HIDDEN STRONGHOLD-- AND THAT THE PURSUING TRIBESMEN WERE SWALLOWED UP BY THE EARTH!



IN OTHER WORDS-- JUST ENOUGH OF A TIP TO HAVE THE SPIES REALIZE THEY'D FIND THE LOCATION OF THE STRONGHOLD MENTIONED IN MARCO POLO'S JOURNAL -- BUT NO HELP WHATSOEVER TO US!

CAN YOU IMAGINE SEARCHING-- WITH 800 MILES OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAKS RUNNING IN ALL DIRECTIONS? WHAT'S THAT BIG BODY OF WATER, WHITE BLOSSOM-- UP THERE ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF LHASA?

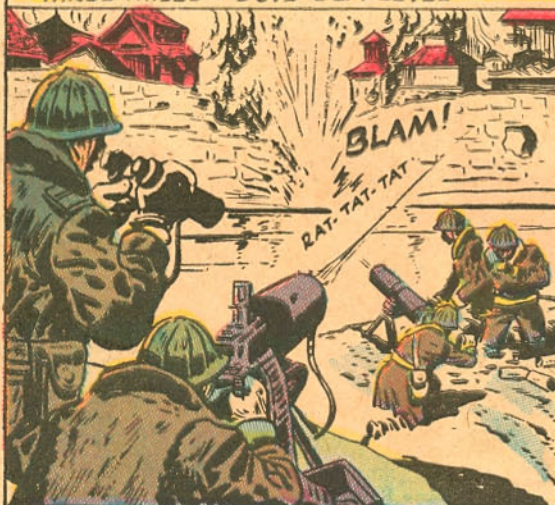


THAT'S TENGRI NOR-- THE LARGEST SALT LAKE IN TIBET!

MY GOSH-- I'VE GOT IT! A HUGE BODY OF SALT WATER WOULD COME CLOSEST TO A TIBETAN'S IDEA OF THE SEA-- AND IF THEY CALLED THEIR RELIGIOUS LEADER THE OCEAN PRIEST-- IT MUST BE BECAUSE HIS SECRET RETREAT IS ON THE SHORES OF TENGRI NOR!



HOURS LATER-- OVERLOOKING TENGRI NOR-- THREE MILES ABOVE SEA LEVEL--



WE COULD TAKE THE CASTLE BY STORM-- BUT WHY BOTHER WHEN WE CAN BATTER THE WALLS AND BURY THE DALAI LAMA AND HIS LOYAL DEFENDERS UNDER TONS OF MASONRY?

COLONEL-- WE'VE JUST RECEIVED A RADIO FLASH FROM OUR AGENT IN THE TEMPLE OF ARCHIVES! AN AMERICAN OPERATIVE IS ON HIS WAY HERE IN A PLANE!



MOMENTS LATER-- AS THE NEWS IS RELAYED TO A FAST SLAVONIAN INTERCEPTOR--

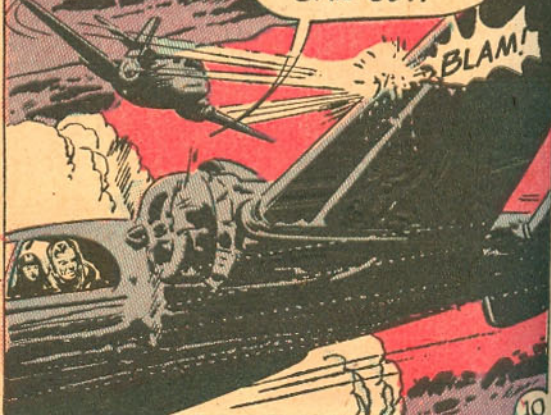
THE AMERICAN AGENT MUST BE DESTROYED BEFORE HE REACHES TENGRI NOR! THAT IS AN ORDER!

IT CAN'T BE ANYONE BUT KENT! ONE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE SHOULD HAVE SATISFIED THE FOOL-- BECAUSE HE'S NOT GETTING OUT OF THESE MOUNTAINS ALIVE!



SOON AFTERWARD--

HOLY SMOKE-- THAT FIXES US! DON'T WASTE A SECOND, WHITE BLOSSOM-- WE'VE GOT TO BAIL OUT!

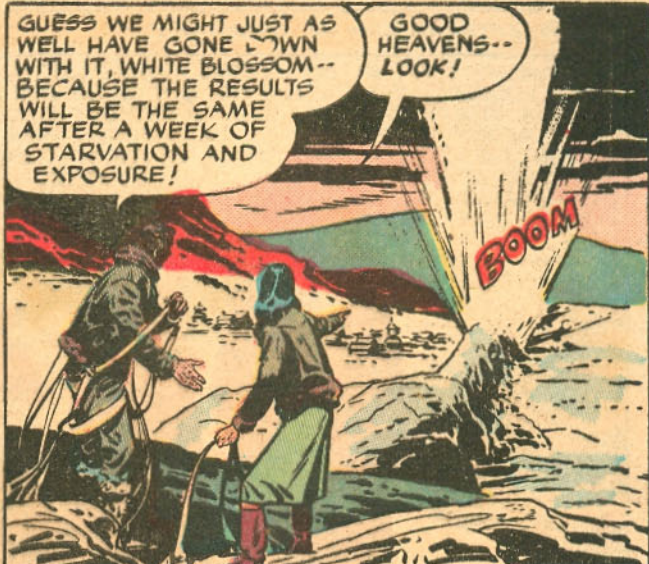


SECONDS LATER--



GUESS WE MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE GONE DOWN WITH IT, WHITE BLOSSOM-- BECAUSE THE RESULTS WILL BE THE SAME AFTER A WEEK OF STARVATION AND EXPOSURE!

GOOD HEAVENS-- LOOK!



THROUGH THE GAP MADE BY THE CRASHING PLANE--



YAKU BORUN-SHA!

AS THE SAVAGE HORDE RUSHES CLOSER--



THEY'RE NOT TIBETANS, JONATHAN! THEY SEEM ACTUALLY PRIMITIVE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THOSE TRIBESMEN WHO HAD BEEN "SWALLOWED UP BY THE EARTH" HAD ACTUALLY BEEN TRAPPED IN THE VALLEY BY A LANDSLIDE-- AND AFTER SEVEN CENTURIES-- THESE ARE THEIR DESCENDENTS!

GALYAK HONGI ONSHI-JO!

WHATEVER THAT MEANS-- WE SEEM TO BE GETTING A BREAK! THEY'RE STOPPING!

I CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE OUT WHAT THEY'RE SAYING! THEY REGARD YOU AS THEIR DELIVERER, JONATHAN-- AND WANT TO KNOW IF YOU HAVE ANY COMMANDS!

OHH, BABY-- HAVE I!

SOON AFTERWARD -- AT TENGRI NOR --

THE WALLS WON'T STAND MUCH LONGER--THE DALAI LAMA'S TRAPPED! BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT AMERICAN AGENT-- ARE YOU SURE HE'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF?

COULD YOU FIND YOUR WAY OUT OF THE HIMALAYAS WITHOUT GUIDES OR PROVISIONS? TAKE MY WORD FOR IT-- KENT WILL BE LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS FOR ETERNITY!



SUDDENLY--

AGHHH!



PEOPLE LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS FOR ETERNITY HAVE A HABIT OF POPPING UP AGAIN, RAT!



AS THE TRIBESMEN RUSH THE COMMUNIST POSITIONS --

LET THE SLAVONIAN INVADERS LEARN FROM THIS, DALAI LAMA! WHEN THE PAST TURNS AGAINST THEM -- WHAT HOPE HAVE THEY FOR THE FUTURE?



THAT'S ONE MORTAR SHELL THAT'S BACK-FIRING ON YOU GOONS!



AND WITH THE REMAINING RED FORCES SURRENDERING --

THIS VICTORY SHOULD ENCOURAGE THE TIBETANS TO HURL THE REST OF THE INVADERS BACK ACROSS THE HIMALAYAS!

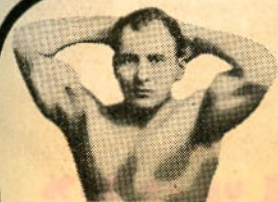
YES, JONATHAN-- THE FIGHT WILL CONTINUE UNTIL COMMUNISM IS STAMPED OUT!



JONATHAN KENT SLAMS HEADLONG THROUGH ANOTHER COUNTER-SPY ADVENTURE-- IN THE COMING ISSUE!



The End



"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."
—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."
—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."
—T. K., New York

I've turned thousands of fellows into

REAL HE-MEN

Let me prove I can do it for you!

All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day
— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest

From Weakling to a Real He-Man

You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

—J. W., Montana

Gains 40 Lbs.

"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

—J. N. H., British West Indies

Makes Track Team—Called "Perfect Build"

"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

—E. M., Conn.

Health 100%, Better Through Dynamic Tension "The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."
—W. E., Ohio

I could fill page after page of this magazine with enthusiastic reports from men all over the entire world! But what you want to know is—"What can Atlas do for ME?"

Just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—right in the privacy of your own home. That's all I ask. Even in that short time I'll start giving RESULTS. The kind of results that you can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape! And there's no cost to you if I fail!

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system, INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

Charles Atlas

Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique!

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you NO gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid MUSCLE.

My Illustrated Book is Yours—Not for \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE!

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It has 48 pages, and is packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. It shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do, answers many vital questions that may be puzzling you. Page by page it shows what I can do you YOU.

Yes, this book is a real prize for

any fellow who wants a better build. Yet it doesn't cost you a penny—I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it will open your eyes. In fact, it may be the turning point in your whole life! So don't put it off another minute. Send the coupon to me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 2G, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2G
115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—48 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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SAVE up to 35%

by ordering one or more of these specials. Please, NO SUBSTITUTES! Specials are made up in advance for immediate delivery to you.

COMMANDO BAG

D. with adjustable strap. Grand lunch bag, camera case, etc. New.

65c



Famous Infantry HAVERSACK

H. with Mess Kit Case. May be worn alone or hooked into pistol or cartridge belt.

95c



Famous Field Artillery MUSETTE BAG

M. with shoulder strap. Double duty. May be worn as pack sack or slung from shoulder.

95c



MEDICAL CORPS BAG



W. ADJUSTABLE lacing. Lowers bottom 4 inches to provide more space as needed.

75c

AIR CORPS SUSTENANCE

V. VEST



NW, adjustable to fit all sizes, young boy to big man. Has 16 pockets including Pistol Holster. Sewn as a gift for dad. Cost the Air Corps over \$10 to make.

\$1.95

SIGNALING MIRROR



S. Unbreakable. Flashes 10 miles. Has cross hair sight and directions. Reverse side is camp mirror. Comes with wrist cord. New.

35c



Infantry Furlough CARGO BAG

G. Extra Handy athletic tool bag or overnight case.

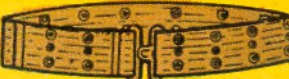
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10 POCKET CARTRIDGE BELT

adjustable from 28" to 46"

85c



P. PISTOL BELT

adjustable from 23" to 42"

65c



IMPEGNITE

F. 8 oz. Can IMPEGNITE Leather Dressing and Waterproofing Compound (new).

35c

N. 12 oz. NAVY LEMON CONCENTRATE POWDER

Makes 3/4 gallon Lemon juice or 6 1/2 gallons Lemonade with sugar & water added (new)

60c



COMBINATION SPECIALS!

(see illustrations on the left)

A5. Combat Infantry Pack. The last word in a scientifically engineered pack. Has 5 inside pocket compartments. 1 outside pocket. Inside rubber throat for extra waterproof protection. 5 sets of attached straps, buckles and 2 clip sections for hooking in extra gear. May also be worn side-shoulder. plus P. Pistol Belt, R. 1st Aid Pouch, Z. 2 oz. bottle Insect Repellent, F. 8 oz. can Impregnite.

\$2.60
VALUE
ONLY
\$1.95
POST PAID

A8. Combat Infantry Pack. Includes all in A5, plus W. Medical Corps Bag, N. 12 Oz. Can Lemon Powder, S. Signal Mirror.

\$4.30 VALUE
Only \$3 POST PAID

H6. Famous Infantry Field Pack. H. Haversack with Mess Kit Case, plus P. Pistol Belt, R. First Aid Pouch, Z. 2 Oz. Bottle Insect Repellent, F. 8 Oz. Can Impregnite.

\$2.30 VALUE
Only \$1.65 POST PAID

H12. (2 Sets of H6) \$4.60 Value

Only \$3 POST PAID

H24. (4 Sets of H6) \$9.20 Value

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H9. 1 set of H6 plus D. Commando Bag, C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt, N. 12 Oz. Can Lemon Powder.

\$4.30 VALUE
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W7. Medical Corp Adjustable Bag, C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt, R. 1st Aid Pouch, Z. 2 Oz. Bottle Insect Repellent, F. 8 Oz. Can Impregnite, N. 12 Oz. Can Lemon Powder, S. Signal Mirror.

\$3.25 VALUE
Only \$2.25 POST PAID

G11. Includes the famous Infantry and Artillery Packs plus a Cargo Bag which is perfect for pup tent, etc. H. Haversack with Mess Kit case, P. Pistol Belt, R. 1st Aid Pouch, Z. 2 Oz. Bottle Insect Repellent, F. 8 Oz. Can Impregnite, also M. Musette Bag with shoulder strap, C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt, N. 12 Oz. Can Lemon Powder, S. Signal Mirror, G. Cargo Bag.

\$6.20
VALUE
ONLY
\$4
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